Saturday Night

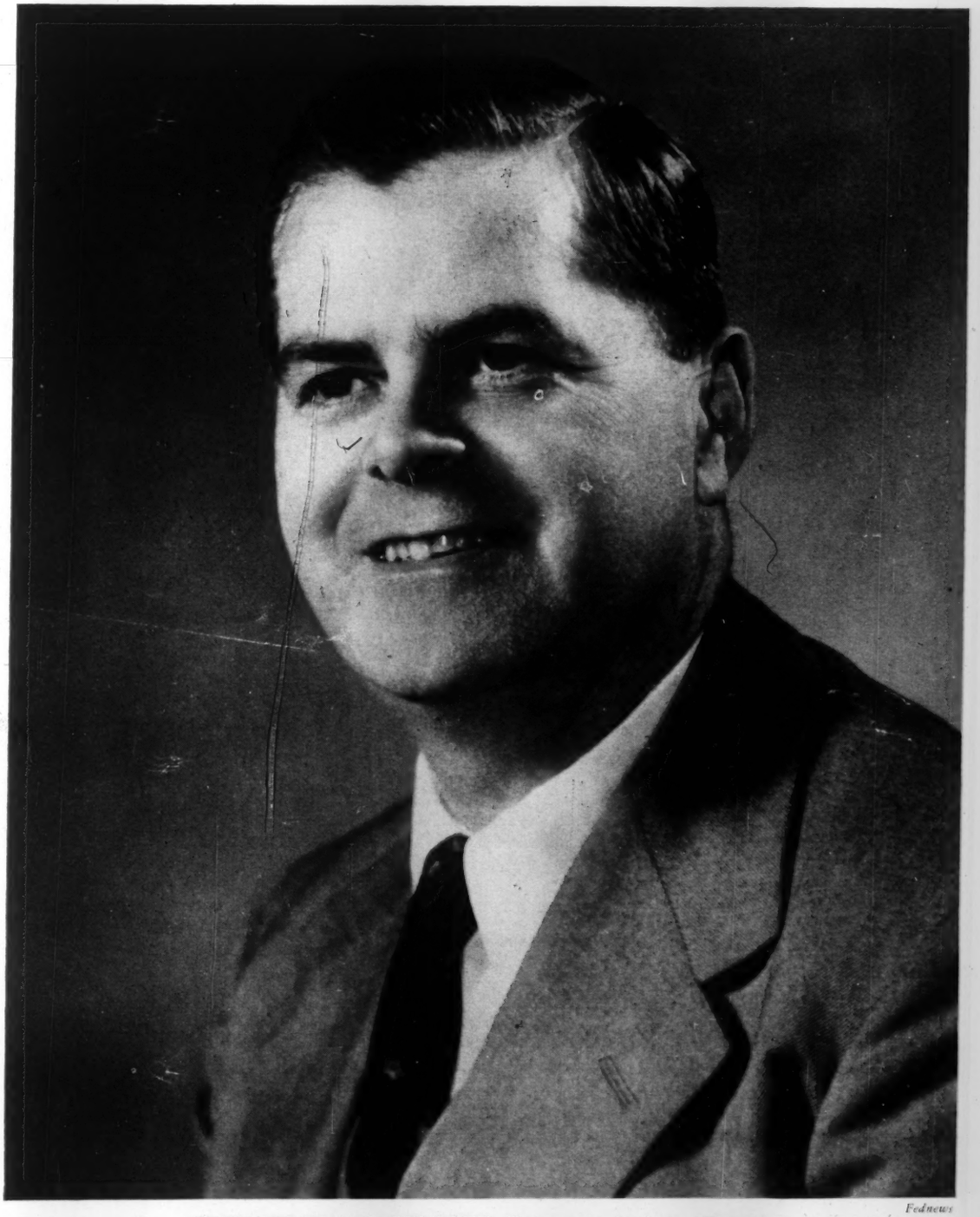
November 14, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The more headline-happy newspapers in Eastern Canada, parched after a fairly long dry spell of staid news, had a grand chance to slake their thirst for sensation when the nude body of an attractive young woman was found in a ditch near Morrisburg, Ontario, and, a short time later, an army officer was arrested in connection with her death. In no time at all some newspapers, with the help of some remarkably talkative policemen, practically had the soldier ready for the hangman. It would be difficult indeed for a reader of their reports to be able to say with honesty that his judgment had not been colored by them. The result was a sickening case of pre-judgment. The duties of a free press do not include being free with rights properly assigned to judge and jury.

A Good Solution

In all the hullabaloo over the shifting of the National Film Board from Ottawa to Montreal, it was pleasant to hear at least one calm voice offering a reasonable solution to the question of what should be done with the Board. That was the voice of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, which said: "There



Fednews

PREMIER W. A. C. BENNETT: Taxes are a headache *(Page 3)*

THIS IS CANADA

PRINCE RUPERT

Coming into its own at last is Prince Rupert, high on the British Columbia Coast. Blasted out of the wilderness as the western terminus of the short-lived Grand Trunk railroad, the port knew brief glory in World War II. Now with industry booming, its rise to permanent prosperity seems assured.

ACRES OF

FROZEN FISH

greet the visitor to the world's largest fish cold storage at Prince Rupert. The waters around Queen Charlotte Islands today are the world's largest halibut grounds and salmon, herring and cod are plentiful.

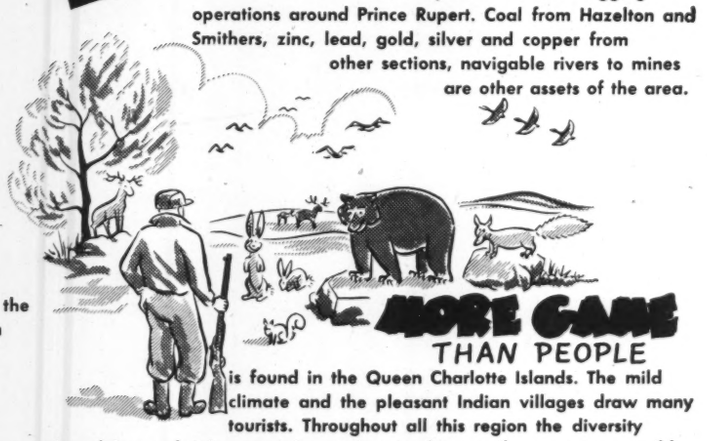
TREE FARMS

have replaced wasteful logging operations around Prince Rupert. Coal from Hazelton and Smithers, zinc, lead, gold, silver and copper from other sections, navigable rivers to mines are other assets of the area.

CELLULOSE

A MAGIC WORD

is the magic word in Prince Rupert as a $31,000,000 plant rises eight miles from the city. At nearby Kemano there is an aluminum development so great as to require a whole "This is Canada" to describe it.



MORE GAME THAN PEOPLE

is found in the Queen Charlotte Islands. The mild climate and the pleasant Indian villages draw many tourists. Throughout all this region the diversity and usefulness of Atlas specialty steels is making swift expansion possible.

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5-6

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

is a sound and simple way of resolving this difficulty and, at the same time, of doing the taxpayers a real service. The thing to do is to abolish the National Film Board and leave the film business where it properly belongs—with private enterprise . . . Our Film Board was created after World War I, as a modest subbranch of the Department of Trade and Commerce, to provide still pictures for Government exhibitors, publications, etc. Like other government creations it has grown with the speed of the bean stalk in the nursery tale. It is high time to put the axe to it and thereby not only end the present tempest at Ottawa but, at the same time, save the country a good many millions per year."

The Film Board has been sold to the public as a great convenience and aid to culture, and it has become one of the darlings of the people whose fine sensibilities are shocked by any medium of entertainment and instruction that can pay its own way without making demands on the public purse. But it also provides a Government with another means of influencing the opinion of its citizens, and as such it is extremely dangerous. It is all very well to be trustful, and hope that no Government will abuse its power; but the lesson of history is a bitter one, and teaches that watchfulness, not trust, is what keeps governments under control. In the case of the National Film Board, abolition would remove not only a burden from the taxpayers, but a temptation from ambitious officials.

A Policeman's Lot

WE ARE STILL bemused by the report of health authorities in Tokyo who sought to find out why so many of the city's policemen were either on sick leave or getting medical treatment while on duty. The investigators concluded that "the nervous strain of handling prisoners and criminals accounts for the prevalence of high blood pressure and the suspected heavy incidence of neuroses among members of the force." Is this situation peculiar to Tokyo, or are policemen everywhere emotionally upset by their contacts with criminals? If this sort of thing is an occupational disease, possibly every police station should have a resident psychiatrist.

Communications Man

WHEN THE Institute of Radio Engineers and the Association of Radio and Television Manufacturers held meetings in Toronto recently, we sought out George Sterling, a member of the Federal Communications Commission of the United States, to get some information about the activities of the FCC. We found him, along with gaggles of other delegates, at a reception which followed ceremonies held at the $400,000 factory of Hallicrafters Canada Ltd., now nearing completion.

"This celebration has a special interest for me," Mr. Sterling said. "Back before World War I, when I was in my 'teens, I was a radio 'ham'. One of the fellows I used to talk to was Bill Halligan, who is president of Hallicrafters in the United States. At that time he was a radio operator on ships working up and down the coast of Maine. We've been friends ever since." After the war, Mr. Halligan started building his own sets and Mr. Sterling after a while got to serving on various communications commissions.

"Right now," Mr. Sterling said, "we're waiting for the Supreme Court to give a ruling on the legality of quiz shows during which people are telephoned at random and win prizes for giving correct answers to certain questions. The question is, are these shows lotteries, and therefore illegal? We'll soon know. The big topic at the moment, of course, is color TV. There are all sorts of other problems for the FCC, most of them technical —our overall job is to keep a weather eye on all methods of communication, from police car radios to telephone companies — but people are tremendously interested in this business of color TV. We saw a big demonstration of it in New York the other day, and it was impressive." The members of the Commission were discussing the results of the demonstration, he said, and would soon reach a decision. "There will probably be color TV in the United States before the end of the year. From what I saw, the qualities of color TV are such that, even if you can only pick it up in black and white, you'll get a better picture." The first color sets will probably range from $700 to $1000 in the United States, we learnt, but then mass production will start to pull the price down.

Mr. Sterling, who is 59 years of age and the father of two daughters, still lives on Peak Island, off the Maine coast. "And I'm still a radio 'ham' in my spare time," he said. "I've even got a transmitting set in my car."

Grant Collingwood

GEORGE STERLING: A weather eye on communications.

Complete Confusion

A COUPLE of weeks ago the newspapers were full of pictures of Canadians who had won up to $137,000 in Irish Sweepstake prizes. Not long before the sweepstake tickets were drawn, six members of the Fort Rouge, Manitoba, branch of the Canadian Legion were charged with conducting a lottery, because police claimed that bingo games were being run on Legion property. The jury decided that the six men were not guilty, but the presiding judge said he did not agree with the verdict. In the meantime, lotteries were being carried on, quite openly and legally, at agricultural fairs all across the country; what is a crime when undertaken by an organization like the Canadian Legion is, according to the law, a worthy, righteous activity for an agricultural society.

There, in the space of a few weeks, was an excellent demonstration of the complete confusion brought about by the present regulations concerning lotteries. While some people were being lionized for winning money in a sweepstake, others were being prosecuted for what still others were doing with official approval.

Amendments to the Criminal Code are now being studied, and there can be no doubt that the section dealing with lotteries and similar devices must be brought up to date. Not only do the present regulations breed contempt for the law, but so generally are they defied that, if any serious attempt were made to enforce them, the police and the courts would not have time for anything else.

No one suggests that Canada be made a happy hunting ground for gamblers, but the present situation cannot be endured. The laws drawn up to control lotteries, games of chance and similar diversions must be laws that can be enforced, that apply to all segments of society, and that do not make a crime of what the greater part of society regards as harmless.

A Possible Trend

A FRIEND of ours who runs a book shop got a call the other day from a woman who wanted to order a book written by Dr. Alfred Kinsey. She didn't know the title, but she had heard that Dr. Kinsey was an authority on wasps and had written a good deal about them. No, she did not want to read about sexual behavior in the human male or female. "I'm not interested in sex," she said, "except when it concerns wasps. I'm interested in wasps." The bookseller is now waiting to see if this was the first indication of a Trend.

A Honeymoon Ended

PEOPLE WHO have discussed Social Credit theory with the Hon. William Andrew Cecil Bennett, Premier of British Columbia, say he can talk about it with all the earnest eloquence of a Low or a Manning but, possibly because his conversion to Social Credit is too recent, he lacks the missionary fervor of the party's Alberta pioneers. Certainly he has every reason to be appreciative of the virtues of his new philosophy; until he embraced it a couple of years ago, after cutting his ties with the Conservative party, his career as a member of the Legislature, begun in 1918, had not been particularly distinguished. But afterwards he quickly settled in as top man on the West Coast's political totem pole.

Now, with the first session of the Province's 24th Legislature ended, and a convention of the BC Social Credit League out of the way, Mr. Bennett undoubtedly realizes that the razzle-dazzle period of electioneering and party jockeying is over, and what remains is the prosaic task of convincing the electorate, on the one hand, that his Government deserves continuing support and the League, on the other, that he and his colleagues in the cabinet are properly interpreting Social Credit doctrine. There have been enough growls from both sides during the past few weeks to tell the astute Mr. Bennett that keeping both the party zealots and the fickle converts pacified is likely to prove a monumental task.

At the League convention, held shortly after the Legislature ended its session last month, Mr. Bennett was told quite bluntly that the job of his Government was to carry out the policies approved by the convention, that "Social Credit is a grass roots movement and we instruct the members of the Legislature what to do." To prove to the Premier that they meant what they said, the delegates

The Front Page

promptly forced the Government to give way on at least three domestic issues. Mr. Bennett got an ovation when he rose to address the convention, and there were lusty cheers when he declared, "We are launching out of the shallow waters into the deep—a great national movement which in the next four years will become the Government of Canada." But by that time the delegates had made it clear they did not intend to be mere meek followers; the cheer came after the warning.

While this was going on, the unconverted citizens of British Columbia were looking with jaundiced eyes on the taxation policy introduced by the Bennett Government during the first session of the Legislature. They have been particularly critical of new assessments on the lumbering and mining industries, both of which are having marketing difficulties, and of a 10 per cent tax on liquor, and the food served with it, under the new conditions for the sale of liquor in the Province. Newspapers in Vancouver and the larger cities have aimed some of their sharpest comment at the latter tax, charging that it is a political levy designed to soothe the feelings of one faction in the Social Credit party.

Premier Bennett has stoutly defended the new taxes, using much the same argument that the federal Minister of Finance, Mr. Abbott, has produced from time to time: a Government must pay its way and at the same time try to reduce its burden of debt. It is a sound argument as long as it is not used to push taxation to the point of diminishing returns. It is far too early yet to judge Mr. Bennett's policies by their result, but there is little doubt that objections to the new taxes will give the Premier one of his biggest headaches.

Unbridled Rhetoric

IT IS saddening to think of all the wonderful, wild rhetoric which has passed into oblivion simply because no one thought to record it for posterity. Our thanks, then, go to the *Edmonton Journal* for rescuing this jewel (embedded in a speech given by M. M. Porter, Q.C., in Winnipeg), from the dark unfathomed caves of the ocean of oratory: "We see in Alberta today a wanton, unbridled, profligate alienation of its resources in a manner unmatched by any South American dictator taking bribes or any harem-herding Arab despot in the Middle East."

Star at the Royal

SHIRLEY THOMAS, the airborne young lady in the picture on this page, took her first spill off a horse when she was not long past her fourth birthday; she tumbled from her pony at a Red Cross benefit in Ottawa just as the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice got to the show to make their first public appearance in the city after the Earl's arrival to take up his duties as Governor-General. Miss Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thomas, of Ottawa, is 18 years of age now, and has grown up to be not only a remarkably attractive young lady but a superb horsewoman—good enough to become the first girl to ride for Canada in international jumping team events. She will be demonstrating her skill at the Royal Winter Fair, which opens this week at the Coliseum in Toronto's Exhibition Grounds.

The Royal's horse show, the biggest thing of its kind in North America, is the financial mainstay of the Winter Fair, but wisely the people who do the planning and organizing have not let it overshadow the whole magnificent spectacle that is Canada's annual display of the wealth and vigor of the nation's agriculture. "We have a 'farm first' tradition," one official told us. "The Royal has never been much of a money-maker and probably never will be. It goes in the red now and then but has averaged a small net profit in most of the postwar years. When it does show a profit, some of that is usually plowed back the next year into increased prizes for farmer-exhibitors."

The Royal depends for a balanced budget not only on gate receipts but on grants from Federal and provincial governments, the city of Toronto and various farm and breed associations throughout the country. The agricultural groups, 154 of them in all, are the solid foundation of the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Association—the fair's official title. Each year they choose 287 of their members to represent them in the Fair Association; Federal, provincial and civic governments name 95 officials—ministers of agriculture, deputy ministers, livestock commissioners, city controllers and so on—to bring the number of representatives to 382. This group, at an annual meeting, elects a board of 98 directors, representing each division of the fair. The directors, in turn, elect 18 of their number to be an executive committee, the Cabinet of what has been called the Parliament of Canadian agriculture.

The Royal has outgrown its accommodation. Until more space is added to its 26 acres of buildings, it is pretty well frozen to its present size, for both attendance and exhibits. We learnt that plans for a new wing have been mulled over for some time, but the coolness of the Federal Government towards making a grant has held up the project; the Ontario Government and the City of Toronto have both agreed to share the cost, estimated at $3 million, if Federal help also is given.

Marshall P. Hawkins

SHIRLEY THOMAS: The first girl to ride for Canada.

A Glorious Defiance

ON REMEMBRANCE DAY this year there is a new question for each of us to ponder as we pay tribute to the men who died in battle around the world. We have but to look into our hearts and find there the things which go by such names as honor and duty and comradeship to know why and how these men, in the awful personal loneliness of broken earth or reeling sky or sullen water, were able to look on the face of death without flinching. But now, too, we must try to understand why men whose minds and bodies are made to suffer extreme torture choose to live and defy their tormentors. Such understanding is necessary, if we are to know what freedom really means.

The struggle of free men against enslavement began in dim antiquity and has never stopped. Now it goes on ceaselessly, relentlessly, sometimes flaring into what is called "open warfare," but more often being waged with the weapons of words, ideas and emotions, between free men and an enemy who will go to any lengths to destroy the very instinct to freedom.

That is the grim lesson to be read into the statement made to the UN General Assembly recently by Dr. Charles Mayo, who told how Communists tried to get 107 American airmen they had captured in Korea to admit having engaged in germ warfare. The Communists managed to extort "confessions" from 36, they killed 14, no one knows what they did to 17, and they failed utterly to break the spirit of 40. Dr. Mayo made a summary from the documented, sworn statements of prisoners who returned:

"The tortures used in these cases, although they include many brutal physical injuries, are not like the mediaeval tortures of the rack and the thumbscrew. They are subtler, more prolonged, and intended to be more terrible in their effect. They are calculated to disintegrate the mind of an intelligent victim, to distort his sense of values to a point where he will not simply cry out 'I did it!' but will become a seemingly willing accomplice to the complete destruction of his integrity and the production of an elaborate fiction . . . All this was not done as mere senseless brutality; it was done for one single purpose, to make free men serve Communist ambitions."

How did 40 men, beaten, deprived of food, water and sleep, battered in body and mind, still cling to life? Death would have been a welcome release. How were they able to resist the terrible temptation to yield their minds to their enemies? They would have faced no public scorn had they done so. And what would we do, if we were called on to undergo such an ordeal?

These are things we must think about this Remembrance Day, and for many days to come. What happened to the 107 airmen in Korea has been happening to other men across half the world, in Poland, Czechoslovakia and a score of other states which have fallen before the evil thing that is Communism, whose disciples, knowing that they must live in fear as long as men are free to think, will use any means to destroy the free mind. They will gain some successes, because so many of us are too weak to accept the ultimate ordeal, but at the same time they are doomed—by the 40 in Korea, by the unknown numbers elsewhere in the world, by all the others who will meet the test in the same way. Let each of us, then, look into heart and mind for the faith and courage upon which freedom must feed.

An Interest Group

DR. HERBERT HANNAM, President of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, has supplied us (if a report from Saskatoon is correct) not only with a valuable addition to our lexicon of Pleasant Words but with a rather remarkable interpretation of what is meant by democracy. The Federation, he said, should properly be described as an "interest group," which is certainly a much nicer phrase than "pressure group." And an "interest group," he added, "can inspire and encourage and facilitate group thinking amongst its membership; and since democracy is a group concept, group thinking is fundamental to its progress." Whatever happened to the poor benighted individual?

Letters

Compulsory Service

THERE HAVE been some bristling things said in "Letters" recently about conscription . . . Why can't the diehards let this dead subject rest in peace? Now, of all times, conscription should not be raised as an issue in Canada. There are many reasons, but I shall give two of the best:

Firstly, the country cannot afford conscription. Taxes are at a peak now with the present limited defence effort. To institute a program of compulsory service would add something like $2 billion dollars to defence costs—to build the camps, look after the physical needs of the men, pay the salaries and provide the necessary weapons for training. On this count alone, it is out of the question.

Secondly, it has been sufficiently demonstrated that to force through conscription before all parts of the country are convinced that it is a military necessity is to split the nation asunder. It just is not worth it.

Moose Jaw, Sask. S. B. MATTHEWS

On the Raw

THE SAVAGE criticism of Sean O'Casey's article on Laughter was really amusing and a little pitiful. Mr. O'Casey obviously flicked the critic on the raw — where he had his prejudices exposed. The article, therefore, was successful in irritating the puffed-up, the too-solemn, the self-appointed Great Ones. To the rest of us, not quite so impressed with our own importance, it was a thing of joy and beauty. I, for one, will read it again and again with new enjoyment each time.

As for it being "waffle", it would appear so only to a person who cannot get any satisfaction out of word-music; to the stodgy person, only stodgy prose seems worthwhile. And I wonder whose reputation as a writer will shine more brightly a century from now, Sean O'Casey's or that of the man mentioned by the critic, J. B. Priestley?

Ottawa GERALD O'HARA

Vatican Appointment

THE EFFECT of John A. Stevenson's first paragraph dealing with a Vatican appointment (Ottawa Letter, Oct. 24) could be mischievous. It implies that Mackenzie King's opposition to the Vatican appointment came solely from his personal religious views and that therefore only persons holding such views could be opposed to the appointment.

Nothing could be more false. The very great majority of Protestant Canadians shared neither Mr. King's fundamentalism nor his Calvinism, but their opposition to the Vatican appointment is as strong as his was.

Unfortunately, many of the lesser men who have divided Mr. King's mantle among them seem incapable of understanding the issue involved. They imagine that only the passage of time—and that a very short time—is needed to purge such bigots as would oppose the appointment of their unclean thoughts.

No more tragic error could be made by responsible leaders . . . If they would avoid splitting the country, our present political leaders had better wake up to realize that Protestants will challenge the authority of any Government that by such an action commits them as citizens to recognizing claims which they regard as blasphemy . . .

(REV.) EDWARD M. CHECKLAND
Winnipeg

JOHN A. STEVENSON writes (Oct. 24) that Mr. King's "firm conviction that the establishment of diplomatic relations between Canada and the Holy See was bound to breed domestic political trouble for himself, was strengthened when President Truman, after accrediting General Mark Clark as his country's diplomatic representative at the Vatican, had to bow to a fierce storm of protest by American Protestants and rescind the appointment."

But consider this: Mr. King died on July 22, 1950, and Mr. Truman announced the appointment of General Clark to the Vatican on October 21, 1951.

If Mr. King was still taking an interest in the Vatican question fifteen months after his death, then Mr. Stevenson has performed a remarkable feat of journalism. . .

Ottawa G. CAMPBELL MCDONALD

Men, Not Boys

HERE IS a word to add to your "hate list": boy. In its place, there is nothing wrong with it, but it has become the custom to use it for every male human being from nine to 90 . . . It is particularly objectionable when applied to soldiers, sailors and airmen. Public speakers, writers and others speak with sloppy sentimentality about our "boys" in the services, as if the guns, the ships and the planes, and the bloody business of battle itself, could be handled by anything less than men . . .

Let us not send boys to do men's jobs.

Calgary FRANK JOHANSEN

For Polygamy

RECENTLY we saw an example of gross discrimination against a religious sect practising polygamy. These people were living peaceably, and were obeying all laws except the odd, unnatural one that a man must have no more than one wife . . .

Properly there is no moral distinction between polygamy and monogamy; the distinction is made by society, and can be justified only by the economic conditions that exist in that society. There are two conditions which make polygamy not only reasonable but necessary: when the balance between males and females has been destroyed by some such catastrophe as war, and when living conditions are such that one wage-earner is not enough in one family. The former condition exists now in many European countries, and the latter is becoming increasingly evident in North America, where the logical process now would be for a family to have a male wage-earner, married to two females, one a wage-earner and the other a housekeeper. It sounds fantastic, but it is logical.

Montreal JOHN VILLIERS

The Unique Instrument

RECENTLY, in the columns of this journal we have been favored with an erudite dissertation on the bagpipe. This, of course, in a journal which professes musical criticism, is only right and proper. Nor was the article without truth and reason.

More nonsense, however, is written about the piob mor or Great Highland Bagpipe than about any similar instrument—the trouble, I suspect lying in the fact that there is indeed no similar instrument. Be that as it may, more adulation and more condemnatory dislike is breathed about it than ever came out through the three drones and chanter of the instrument itself. This is a pity, for when there is such a mass of misinformation and cloudy thinking, it is difficult for the uninstructed to form an opinion of the instrument's true merit.

Certainly listen to piobaireachd, or pibroch, and think if you will of times gone by, of wooings and of battles and the like. In the same manner, listen to the *Emperor Concerto* and think the same thoughts if it pleases you. Alternatively, listen to the music itself and for itself. Make no mistake, it is not to be compared with the concerto, nor, for that matter, can the concerto be compared with the pibroch . . .

Too often we are treated to an indifferent performance of the *Barren Rocks of Aden* or *Highland Laddie*, the five finger exercises of the bagpipe, played by the boy two doors down the street or by the local Legion pipe band. It is from such horrifying experiences that most dissenters form their lifelong, and it must be admitted, bigoted dislike of the instrument. And who can blame them?

It is a pity that there are so few teachers of the pipes who insist on a certain technical ability on the part of their pupils before permitting them the licence of the unhindered ether. This should be a prerequisite before the youngster is allowed to perform in anything approaching the open air.

Then, take this nonsense of the spectacle of the pipe band. There are people who will tell you that they like a band but not a single piper "unless he is alone on a hillside or over the water." In other words, pretty far away. What a statement! Either one likes the pipes or one does not. Let there be less of this mealy-mouthed pandering to the supposedly sensitive Scot. A pipe band is a very fine thing I am sure, though for my part I cannot think of it at the same time or in the same context as the bagpipe itself. For the band is so much more than the summation of its parts, the swish and glitter, the rhythm of the drums and all the other fal lals and claptrap make it a grand spectacle if you like, but what comes forth is not by any means pipe music. All very well in its way but not pipe music . . .

Smithers, BC KENNETH M. LEIGHTON

Against Tariffs

I DO AGREE with you that Canada needs more immigration and also needs more industries, but I venture to say Canada needs industries concerned with the processing of the many natural resources Canada possesses, and not industries depending on imported raw materials, excepting as supplements.

Canadian industries founded on our own natural resources have a home market and freight in their favor, so should be able to compete with goods from other countries, and so, therefore, do not need tariff protection.

I disagree with Mr. E. R. Seaman (in his letter October 31), who gives us his view that the United States is a great industrial power only because of protective tariffs.

The USA and Canada, in my opinion, are prosperous not because of protective tariffs, but in spite of them, and I offer the comment that if the two countries had adopted free trade, as Britain did after she abandoned the Corn Laws long ago, then Canada and the USA would be still more prosperous than they are today, and would have more industries, just as Britain had in earlier years, and would by now have still greater populations.

H. G. L. STRANGE,
Director, Research Department.
Winnipeg Searle Grain Co. Ltd.

Too Much Law?

ATTITUDES towards law is a common topic for discussion . . .

Is there not too much law? Dominion, Provincial and Municipal authorities vie with each other in bringing about the confused and overloaded state of the present statute books. So many laws are passed because some organized minority or pressure group has been over-zealous . . .

Judicial decisions too often rest on some technical point of procedure . . . Unequal sentences handed down by different judges, or by the same judge, shock the public sense of justice and reason . . .

Wolfville, NS G. R. MCKEAN

No Small Shop

RE COL. THOMAS MEDLAND'S son who "runs a small machine shop."

T. S. Medland is one of the few 1949 graduates of the University of Toronto's course in Engineering and Business who owns and operates his own business—Medland Enterprises. At the present time he is engaged in several research projects in engineering.

DAVID A. STINSON, MD, MSc.
Toronto

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Does Freedom Require A Bill of Rights?

DR. ANGUS is Dean of Graduate Studies, University of British Columbia.

By HENRY ANGUS

WITH ANOTHER Parliament preparing to meet at Ottawa, the annual cry for the passage of a Canadian Bill of Rights is again being raised. It is easy to demand, but what, in fact, is a Bill of Rights?

In a more rational age a sharp distinction was drawn between wants, which may be insatiable, needs, which must be defined by some standard, and rights, which consist in valid claims against others bound in duty to respect them. The duty imposed by the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," for example, created a right to life in the potential victims.

As a duty may be legal or moral, so too may a right. There are as many sets of legal rights as there are systems of law in the world and as many sets of moral rights as there are systems of ethics in the minds of men. Misunderstandings are, therefore, frequent in undisciplined discussion. One code of ethics asserts the right of parents to determine the religious education of their children; another the right of the child to a good education as determined by contemporary society. No one can hold both views at the same time, though a compromise is not impossible. The ancient right to vengeance has nearly disappeared both in law and ethics. The right to an old age pension is a very recent creation.

We can speak of natural rights if, but only if, we accept the idea of Natural Law, whether based on the will of God or evidenced by the practice of mankind, which is valid everywhere. It may not help us much to do so because ideas about the Will of God differ and the practice of mankind is even more varied. For all that, many specific rights are quite generally acceptable. A Declaration of Rights may be used to record the agreement of its authors. A Bill of Rights may go further and assert legal rights which it may even protect against interference by legislatures. If it does, it lays on the future, for good or ill, what will come to be regarded as the dead hand of the past.

It is also possible to make a declaration of new rights which it is desirable to create, or of moral rights which would become legal rights if our law were what it ought to be. It is not easy to convert our good resolutions into an effective Bill of Rights, for the legislation involved may be complicated and it is not possible to direct courts to compel Parliament to legislate.

Confusion may arise if those who think of protecting old-established rights discuss the projects of those who desire to create new rights, or to assert moral rights. The former think of rights in the strict legal sense. The latter are apt to identify needs and rights and to describe the needs of the child as the rights of the child. Those who speak the language of yesterday and those who try to speak the language of tomorrow find it hard to understand one another.

In Britain all rights are protected by Parliament and none against Parliament. As Parliament is trusted, protection against it would be considered unnecessary and, as the dead hand of the past is not popular, even reactionary.

The constitution of the United States protects no rights against constitutional amendment, but it does protect a good many against Congress or against state legislatures. State constitutions, too, protect rights against state legislation. It is impossible to say with certainty how useful these restraints have been, because there is no way of knowing what would have happened if they had not existed. Some elementary rights would probably never have been in danger, while some less important rights may have been at times an embarrassment to legislatures compelled by the courts to respect them. Freedom of the press is an example of a significant right, for it is essential to intelligent discussion, but it must be subject to reasonable legal regulation to prevent such abuses as sedition, libel, contempt of court and obscenity. It is doubtful if this right has been better protected in the U.S. than in Britain or Canada.

WHEN A RIGHT, like freedom of the press, must be regulated if other rights are to be secure, a great strain is thrown on the courts. If they have to distinguish regulation which is reasonable from interference which is unconstitutional, they are performing a quasi-legislative function for which judges are apt to be less well qualified than members of Parliament in close touch with popular opinion. Rarely have American courts invalidated acts of Congress. It is the product of state legislatures which has given the greatest scope to judicial review.

Unlike citizens of the United Kingdom and citizens of the United States, Canadians do not know whether their basic rights are protected against their legislatures or not, and, generally speaking, are not even aware of their own ignorance.

No rights were expressly protected in the British North America Act. Only two years earlier it had been a widely accepted opinion that a colonial legislature could not enact legislation repugnant to the law of England and, therefore, could not destroy well recognized liberties. It was to remove this supposed restriction that the Colonial Laws Validity Act was passed. In recent years no less an authority than a Chief Justice of Canada has suggested that the British North America Act revived the restriction in part by making provision for a constitution "similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom," where parliamentary government, to which free discussion is essential, prevailed.

As it was not necessary to decide this point in order to dispose of the case, we do not know whether this interpretation of the Act is sound. It seems dubiously logical, for it begs the question by assuming the very thing it seeks to prove, namely that the supremacy of the appropriate legislature was not a feature of the constitution of the United Kingdom which the British North America Act was intended to import into Canada. It speaks well both for parliamentary democracy and for the use Canadians make of it that for nearly a century our interest in this whole matter has been academic.

We live, however, in a troubled world. During the last generation governments have not enhanced their reputation for protecting the rights and liberties of their citizens. They have often though it reasonable, and indeed, necessary to invade established rights of individuals for the good of the state. The welfare state replaces the moral duty of charity by the legal duty to pay the taxes which make "fair shares" possible. Rights of property have been roughly handled; venerable standards of justice in taxation have been treated with contempt; governments have acted like the outlaw who sought to condone his robbery by sharing the spoils with the poor; governments have debased the currency and have repudiated debts.

If Canadians were facing afresh the task of constitution-making, there would be a good deal to be said for guaranteeing some human rights, at least against the perils of provincial legislation. It is provincial legislatures rather than the Parliament of Canada which have appeared at times in danger of succumbing to the temptation to disregard established rights. It is in the relatively narrow provincial field that minorities excite hostility and it is in this field, too, that there is most danger of *ad hoc* legislation unfair to individuals.

Safeguards are not completely lacking. The federal powers of reservation and disallowance might be used to give some measure of control to the government of Canada, if it chose to act. Even more important has been the exclusive character of federal legislative powers which has prevented the provincial legislatures from acting as state legislatures have done when dealing with the right of aliens to earn their living in dozens of occupations, including barbering, embalming and wrestling promotion.

No one who has perused the proceedings of Dominion-Provincial conferences can imagine for a moment that the provinces would consider the

fact that some of their legislatures have, on occasion, acted badly an adequate ground for imposing constitutional restrictions on them all, or that they would admit that the Parliament of Canada itself had clean hands. Constitutional restraints, to be acceptable today, would have to be imposed on all legislatures alike.

If a Bill of Rights, though not badly needed, might do no great good, it might do some good. If it could do no harm, our problem would be comparatively simple. There are, however, three dangers to be considered.

To guarantee some rights does not necessarily disparage rights which are not included in the guarantee, but the more comprehensive the list appears, the greater is the tendency to assume that any omission is deliberate.

Still more serious is the tendency to assume that, once rights have been guaranteed, vigilance is no longer required for their protection, and that almost any legislation may be enacted with the confident expectation that the courts will see that it is interpreted so as not to be oppressive. A member of Parliament who argued that a bill which is being considered might have consequences dangerous to established rights could be impatiently brushed aside with the answer that, if so, the courts would not enforce it. But the interpretation which courts will place on a phrase in a constitution is not always something that can be predicted with confidence and the spirit of human liberty demands that we should be constantly vigilant. It is very dangerous, tempting as it may be, to assume that, as the courts are there, Parliament cannot go wrong.

A third danger is that too many rights may be guaranteed. When a list is being compiled, everyone wishes his favorite rights to find a place. It is a thankless task to oppose the inclusion of some particular right because, in the future, the balance of advantage may lie in disregarding it. Yet experience justifies this view.

Some rights, concerned with property, or with freedom to agree to work for long hours, seemed sacred in the eighteenth century and undesirable in the twentieth. Do we wish to bind our successors to our standards of right and wrong? Should we not trust them to recognize and respect those standards which are worthy of respect, but to build a better world in the light of wider experience? Can the generation which has witnessed Communism and Fascism, mass unemployment and war, and has struggled as best it could with these monstrosities, seriously hope to be regarded as a golden age or as an age of ripe wisdom? If the next generation cannot do better than we have done, there is little we can do to prevent it from going to the devil.

It is, indeed, when rights are most in danger that guarantees, though least acceptable, are most needed. But if we need them today, ought we not to let them wither away painlessly in the future? Ought we not to fix a time limit, as we do with emergency controls in general? This argument may not apply to the rights which constitute the bare framework of individual liberty and political freedom. But these rights are almost irrelevant, for they are in no peril in Canada today.

The argument does apply, however, to the new social and economic rights which figure prominently in the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights. These rights deserve separate discussion. They are mandates to the appropriate legislatures to make adequate provision to meet enumerated social and economic demands. They are the basis for a measure of welfare which is assumed to be essential for the effective realization of human liberty. They differ from traditional rights in being good resolutions rather than rules enforceable by courts. They might conveniently form the subject of international agreement like the old ILO conventions. There might even be a strong case for conceding to the Parliament of Canada legislative power to implement such an agreement in respect of classes of subjects with which provincial legislatures now have exclusive power to deal. But it would be confusing, to the point of being dangerous, to mix these economic and social rights with the traditional content of a Bill of Rights.

What decision should men of good will, who both love liberty and desire welfare, take? When argument is fairly evenly balanced, considerations of sentiment may determine the issue. As a matter of sentiment, I personally should not welcome a Canadian Bill of Rights, for I prefer the Anglo-Canadian to the Anglo-American tradition and I prefer to trust the coming generations of Canadians rather than to attempt to decide questions which they, but not I, will have to face.

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The Social Scene

Bohemia on the Bay

SITUATED SOUTH of Canada proper, on a sawed-up peninsula jutting out into Lake Ontario from the industrial and business heart of Toronto, lie four miles of foreign territory known as Toronto Island. Like most other things about it, its name is a misnomer, for it is not one island but eighteen, and they are only islands by virtue of several man-made canals or lagoons and of a nineteenth-century storm which plowed a gap through the neck of a peninsula.

The first natives were Indians who set up housekeeping in the Island's pine woods and used the sap of the balm-of-Gilead trees to heal their wounds. Later on, their health resort was usurped by white fishermen and the wives of the British officers who picnicked there while Fort York was burning. The present-day natives are those who have lived there more than ten years, and the conquerors are a transient population who rent beaverboard "apartments" upstairs, downstairs, and along the boarded-up verandahs of the natives' houses. This is the only known island conquest in history where the natives have emerged as the landed gentry.

Like New York's Fire Island, the summer population is much larger than the winter one, numbering around 15,000 in comparison to the 3,000 or so hardy souls who live there all year round. The population, both winter and summer, is a polyglot one, and contains some of the zaniest characters allowed to run around without a leash. One of the older inhabitants has described the Island as, "the only unfenced insane asylum in the world."

Although living conditions are Bohemian in the extreme, very few writers or artists make their homes there for long; they can't stand the pace, and there are too many diversions popping up between themselves and their Muse. Many of the inhabitants belong to a half-world that includes chronic alcoholics, wife and husband deserters, beach-combers, dead-beats, and spinsters-on-the-make. The majority of these live on Centre Island, the biggest island of the chain, and one given over to a peculiar type of Edwardian architecture slightly reminiscent of a Charles Addams cartoon, with wings, cupolas, and closed-in porches added to the houses as if thrown at them by a demented tent-maker. The normal fringe of the population is in a minority on Centre Island, as it is on Hanlan's Point, while Algonquin Island is settled by a peculiar stuffy type of water-borne suburbanite who tries to pretend that the less-inhibited Centre Islanders do not exist.

The Islanders have their own kind of snobbery and are prone to think they own the islands by right of tenure. In reality, all the land is classed as a city park and their lots are only leased to them by the City of Toronto. The hordes of picnickers who flock there in the summer by ferry from the mainland, especially the tens of thousands who crowd the streets and beaches on Sundays, are known locally as "Lower Slobbovians." What these people think of the shorts-clad, bicycle-riding Islanders has never been revealed.

In the early days the islands, or the peninsula as it was then, was covered with a forest of pine trees. These were cut down during the nineteenth century, and today the islands are largely planted in willow and poplar trees. Bears and deer were once hunted there, but today the four-footed fauna consists largely of a few muskrat, raccoons, and common household rodents. A few years ago, however, a deer was found wandering around the place. Where it came from nobody knows, but when it was first reported, the Toronto Humane Society ignored the information, thinking, naturally, that the frantic telephone calls were a result of mass alcoholic hallucinations.

Several years ago one of the natives, who was returning to Centre Island from the city in a canoe, thought he was being pursued by a sea-serpent, and he crossed Toronto Bay in the fastest time since the death of Ned Hanlan. The "sea-serpent" kept pace with him, and followed him right to the back door of his house, breathing down his neck. After a generous libation of sea-serpent cure, the Islander shakily parted the kitchen curtains and found himself face to face with a steer that had escaped from the stockyards the day before. Why it had chosen to take a midnight dip is no more a mystery than why other escapees of various types choose Centre Island to hide on.

DESPITE the pollution, and the generations of commercial and amateur fishermen who have fished the bay, lake and lagoons, the islands are still an easily accessible fishing spot for many indigent Toronto fishermen. These patient souls are rewarded with catches of pike, perch, carp, catfish, and several species of bass. A couple of years ago, when Lake Ontario rose to its highest level in history and threatened to wash the islands free of their polyglot habitations, it was common for the natives to kill pike and perch with clothes props and broomsticks from their verandahs.

The islands are also a natural habitat for both sea and land birds, which include 25 species of duck, blue herons, loons, rail, bittern, coots, mud hens, and ring-necked pheasant, to say nothing of many types of song birds. The islands play host all year round to field naturalists and bird-watchers who stalk the beaches and thickets armed with copies of *Birds of Ameri-*

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ca, cameras, and binoculars, which they are careful to keep trained on the more orthodox members of the bird family, rather than on some of the more exotic types to be found on Centre Island.

The Island police force is a pretty tolerant organization, known locally as "The Keystone Cops." There are no motor vehicles allowed there in the summer, and only service trucks in the winter months; hence there is no traffic problem, except that caused by the thousands of bicycles that share the sidewalks with the pedestrian population. The only motor accident in years was caused by the police cruiser banging head-on into a large balm-of-Gilead tree that has stood in the middle of Lakeshore Ave. since Confederation. The Toronto Fire Department has a station on the islands, equipped with a small pumper and a jeep fire-engine, plus a fireboat. The fire department is the most efficient thing on the islands and fire losses are negligible.

During the winter months a bus service runs between the various islands, carrying city-bound passengers to tug boats which transport them to the mainland. The buses run on fairly regular schedules, except on the rare occasions when celebrating passengers have persuaded drivers to join them. The tug boats work on the nautical notion that once away from the dock they operate only under the laws of the sea. As soon as they pass the three-yard limit, the passengers unscrew the tops from their liquor jugs and engage themselves in wassail all the way across the mile-wide bay.

The islands have several clubhouses, two yacht clubs, a Canadian Legion hall, a movie theatre, and two hotels (one open all year round.) This latter hotel, the Manitou, is an institution run by the biggest-hearted hotel proprietor in Canada, and has the only beer parlor in Ontario where the patrons have to look out for kids on tricycles riding around the tables. William Sutherland, the hotel owner, placed the following ad in the Island newspaper last summer, and it is indicative of the nonconformist traditions of his establishment: "We have been in business since 1922. We've been pleasing and displeasing the public ever since. We have been cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked about, lied to, hung up, held up, robbed, etc. The only reason we are staying in business is to see what the hell is going to happen next! The Manitou Hotel."

Nobody ever knows what is going to happen next on the Island, and that is part of its charm. Early in the Island's history the young bloods from Toronto used to go over there to engage in turkey shoots, shooting a bear with a candle, and other sports of the times. One historian said, "In the 1850s the hundreds of Toronto grog shops and taverns supplied no end of hard liquor, and among other sinks of iniquity where gambling, drinking, and fighting were rampant was the Island. Especially on Sundays and holidays." Nobody shoots bears with candles any more, but the Island is still the most uninhibited spot around Toronto.

HUGH GARNER

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Letter from New York

"Moral Leadership" of the Free World

AS I WAS BROODING on the morning paper the other day, my mind turned to a powerful piece by Bruce Hutchison of the Victoria *Times* I had just read in *Life* magazine on a European intellectual vice called anti-Americanism. It was supposed to be the product of envy and smallmindedness, and indulging in it was said to be something in the nature of treason to democracy. As usual, the French came in for some particularly hard knocks in the article. It appeared that it was pretty disgraceful to be French, let alone to be a Frenchman critical of the United States. I turned back to my morning paper and once again read over the news from New York, and in particular the news about the contest for Mayor, which is warming up. As I read, a phrase of Mr. Hutchison's kept buzzing in the back of my mind, "The U.S.'s moral leadership of the free world, the only kind of leadership, that can possibly succeed, is in danger of collapse."

The first break in the election campaign for the Mayor of New York involved Mr. Impellitteri, the present Mayor, although it only did so indirectly. A Union man, "Snake" Lewis, was murdered in a New York street. In investigating the crime, the police found that Lewis had recently been at odds with a Labor Relations specialist who had been hired by one of New York's race tracks to see that no friction should develop between the Unions and the management. Lewis had forced the specialist out and had paid him a mere $40,000 as compensation for the loss of his lucrative job — which was, in fact, that of blackmailing the race track with the threat of labor disputes. The specialist turned out to be interested, actively, in politics. He was a campaign manager for Mayor Impellitteri in an important electoral district. One might have expected the Mayor to recoil in horror from his henchman once his sinister activities had been disclosed, to denounce him, and read him out of his party. But the Mayor did no such thing; he denounced the people who were pretending to be shocked by the specialist's activities, and said they were just making political capital of the affair.

The Mayor's injured innocence failed to divert public attention from what was going on around the Long Island race tracks. Governor Dewey was forced to appoint a special state committee to inquire into their conduct.

The Committee dug up a curious running partnership between the head of the Long Island Building Trades Union and a lawyer who was formerly associated with New York's leading *entrepreneur* in the dope and prostitution business, Lucky Luciano. This looked as if it was leading away from politics into the verdant fields of labor racketeering and crime, but then it turned out to involve much more than that. Luciano's lawyer had cut many of the leading figures of the New York and Long Island Republican party in on his race track operations, among them the Republican leader in Nassau County. The consequences of this had an element of farce about them. William de Koning, the Union Leader concerned, proved to be indictable on various counts and the indictments were returnable in a Nassau County Court. The Judge was a Republican appointee, and a firm in which he had an interest had been given all the printing work from the race tracks, and a good deal of de Koning's Union printing work, too.

The complex web of relationships stretched out a good deal further than the race tracks, the committee found; de Koning's activities had forced him to keep in touch with Joe Fay, the big man of the New York-New Jersey Building Trades Union. This was not very easy to do, as Joe Fay some time back had the misfortune to overplay his hand when blackmailing a contractor with the threat of labor trouble, and was in consequence a resident in Sing Sing; de Koning had managed to get to see him by pretending to be his nephew. The committee was startled by the notion of a convicted extortionist receiving visits from colleagues in his own line of business in jail, and they inquired into his visiting list. Who else had been to see Joe Fay in jail? The answer was quite a string of Republican politicians, chief among them Acting Lieutenant-Governor Arthur Wicks.

Governor Dewey, in a fury, immediately called on Wicks to resign. But Wicks saw no reason why he should, and said so, indignantly. His argument, more politely put, was that Dewey was making a gallery play that wouldn't fool anyone. Everyone knew what the score was. Politics was politics. Joe Fay had the Building Trades Union in line and there was no doing anything without him, in jail or not. And if he had to get into jail to look after the interests of his constituents who were in the contracting business, that was what had to be done. It was his job as a politician to do it.

IF YOU MIGHT think that all these scandals would have made the electors of New York turn their minds to the question of what kind of Government they want, and made them eager to vote for what they believed in. But the registering was going on while the scandals were breaking, and in spite of a high-pressure campaign by the press, the radio and television, to get people to secure their right to vote by putting their names on the register,

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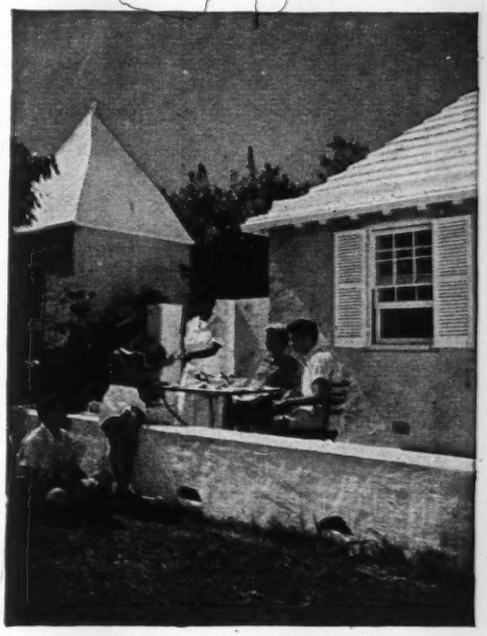

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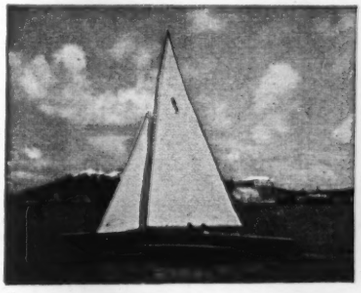

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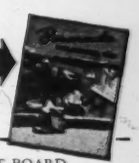

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something not far short of a million and a quarter eligible voters just couldn't be bothered.

Now this looks like a silly approach to democratic government, and a symptom of a very sick democracy. The local picture does not give a very distorted view of the whole. The politicians of every major city of the United States play politics along the realistic lines exemplified by Mr. Wick's conduct, and the electorate is by and large just as apathetic about it. Even the last Presidential Campaign only drew 60 per cent of the voters to the polls.

It would be fine if the United States approached Europe with the frank statement that its democratic institutions are far from perfect, and that, in the course of the enormous and rapid expansion of the country, all sorts of defects had developed in them which prosperity made it easy to overlook. But that is not the approach that is made. The United States is presented as a truly democratic society in effective action and a model for European reform, a perfect state capable of assuming the moral leadership of the free world. I think it is this pretence that is the spring and source of all the narking and backbiting which Mr. Hutchison deplores and which *Life* calls "the dangerous European luxury of hating America." Nobody with normal instincts can love a Chadband, and anybody faced with a claim to spotless perfection from another human being knows he is dealing with hypocrisy. The temptation to snipe at it is irresistible, and I am inclined to think that attacking humbug is a moral obligation of any decent man.

The word decent is operative. Before you can attack, satirize and mock, you have to be pretty sure that you have done your best to discard your own defects, or at least to face them. Moral leadership is very closely related to the cleanliness of your own hands and your own house. The great breakdown of 19th century liberalism had a lot to do with the private lives of liberals. The publicly adopted platform didn't match the private lives of the preachers concerned. Ruskin's ideals and Ruskin's life were poles apart, and the generation that caught onto the dishonest pretences which he lived by—the mocking generation of Lytton Strachey — had no use at all for the profound wisdom which shows itself in his work. He dug a pit under his own feet.

In the international field the United States has done exactly the same thing for itself, and the gibings of anti-Americanism are the natural consequences. The Moral Leadership of the free world is an awful lot to undertake. Maybe a useful preparation for the task would be setting up one, or even two, major cities with municipal governments free from sordid graft and criminality. Until that has been done, the holier-than-thou attitude had better be put in the discard. Until it has a solid basis in uncorrupt public institutions, the attitude is bound to produce what Mr. Hutchison calls anti-Americanism.

It is, to tell the truth, beyond the power of any external body of opinion to challenge the claim of the United States to the moral leadership of the free world. It is something the United States either has or has not got. It can only have it by right of what it does. If, as Mr. Hutchison says, American leadership is in danger of collapse, the reasons are not to be sought in continental bars and cafés, but in places like Joe Fay's cell, in the offices of politicians who say they know what the score is, and on the voting papers where men and women put their marks against the names of men they know to be dishonest and untrustworthy.

ANTHONY WEST

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Death of a Pageant

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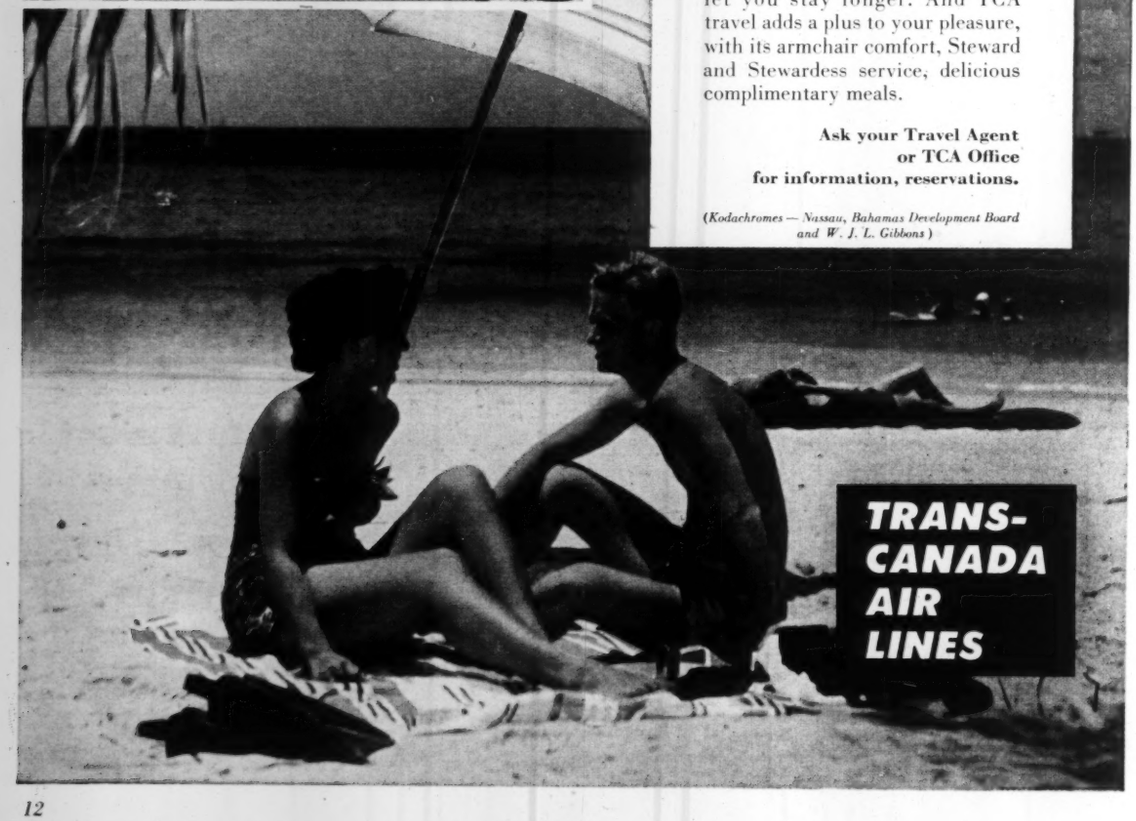
the scarlet hills
And ridges flagged with streaming gold
Rend the cobalt air with trumpets;
Oh soon rain shall dissolve these
bright battalions
And heap their molten color in swift
decay
Upon a rocky earth,
And soon along the ridge the pines
shall keen the sentinel dirge
And watch with green and saddened
eyes
The grey march of winter's iron
legions.

PETER WAITE



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When The Queen Comes to Jamaica

HIGH UP in the Dry Harbour Mountains, inland from the Caribbean Sea on the Island of Jamaica, British West Indies, Ephraim Morgan Brown is polishing the fenders of his country bus.

The bus, like all Jamaican buses, has a romantic name; it is called "Lady of Love." It is painted red, yellow and blue, and its radiator leaks.

As he works, Ephraim Morgan Brown prays: Please, don't let dem tire give out. Don't mek dem carburettor brek down. Ah beg yuh, Lawd, keep dem muffler from drop off. Don't disappoint dem people gwan a see de Queen. . . .

A Royal visit to Jamaica! Never before has a reigning monarch visited this Island. Jamaicans are proud to point out that theirs is the only West Indian Island the Queen will visit during the Royal tour. Delegates from less favoured Islands will be on hand to meet the Queen formally at a reception at King's House.

While Ephraim Morgan Brown prays over his bus, other prayers are being said in other parts of the Island. Jamaican dressmakers, working overtime to fill orders for the lucky twelve hundred-odd women who received gilt-edged invitations to the King's House affair, are praying that the orders will be filled in time. Full-length evening dress instead of the short cocktail gown customary at formal functions, and long kid gloves, unpleasantly warm for most occasions, will be worn.

The three-day visit, beginning on November 25, will be a hectic one for the Royal Party. The Duke of Edinburgh plans to enter with a will into all festivities, as he did during his Canadian tour. As well as appearing with the Queen at formal ceremonies, he will follow certain arrangements of his own. His two great interests, sports and science, will not be neglected. He has asked to meet West Indian educationists and scientists for an informal conference at the University College of the West Indies. Early on the second morning of the visit, after a day of public receptions and official greetings, the Duke will rise at dawn to take part in a polo game with a picked team of West Indian players.

Despite the crowded schedule, however, the Royal Couple will find time for such homey events as a picnic lunch along the roadside somewhere on the beautiful North Coast. Captain Frank Pringle, the Governor's ADC, admits that the schedule has purposely been kept flexible. Both the Queen and the Duke, he grins, are known for their interest in people and places. If, at any point along the way, the Royal visitors tap their chauffeur on the shoulder and pull up to chat with a group of village children, the schedule will stretch to accommodate the loss of time. Such deviations in routine, say Jamaicans who boast of the charm of their people and the beauty of the Island scenery, are "more than likely."

Shortly after the party leaves Montego Bay, it will pass Discovery Bay, where Christopher Columbus beached his boats on his first voyage to Jamaica. Nearby, in the Parish of St. Ann, no more than a mile west of St. Ann's Bay, (Columbus's "Santa Gloria") is the site of the first capital, Sevilla Nueva. This town was founded by Juan de Esquivel, the first Spanish Governor, who was sent from Spain by Columbus's son, Diego, the hereditary Viceroy of the New World.

Another "slowing down place," as tour planners label them, is Rose Hall, more notorious than famous. Here the White Witch, wife of a plantation owner, locked her dusky slave lovers in underground dungeons, where they were cruelly tortured if they dared to find their mistress anything but pleasing.

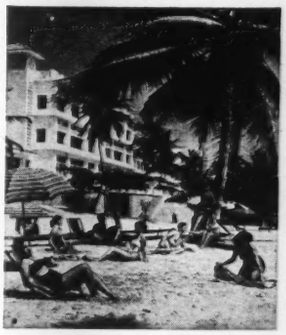
At Spanish Town, formerly Saint Jago de la Vega, the Queen will visit the old House of Assembly and the Legislative Council, where the government met prior to 1870, when the capital was moved to Kingston. In Spanish Town churchyard are buried many former Governors and their wives.

In Kingston, the Royal Party will be guests at a Military Parade, a rally of 20,000 school children, Jamaica's first Royal Investiture, and numerous other public functions. Finally, on November 27, the Party will make its way along the Palisadoes Road to Port Royal, to board S.S. Gothic for the Panama Canal.

There, in the sleepy little fishing town, a farewell military parade will be held. The Queen and Duke will walk quietly through Fort Charles, to "stand where Nelson stood" in 1779, when the Island was in danger of invasion.

IT IS FITTING, say Jamaicans, that the Royal Party should leave by way of Port Royal, for this tiny town is perhaps the most steeped in history of any part of the Island. Once known as the "wickedest city in the world," and with good reason, Port Royal was the meeting place for pirates and privateers. In 1692 an earthquake swept the Wicked City into the sea. On clear days, the natives solemnly insist, you can look deep down into the crystal waters, and see the roofs of the pirate city shimmering at the bottom of the sea.

CYNTHIA WILMOT.



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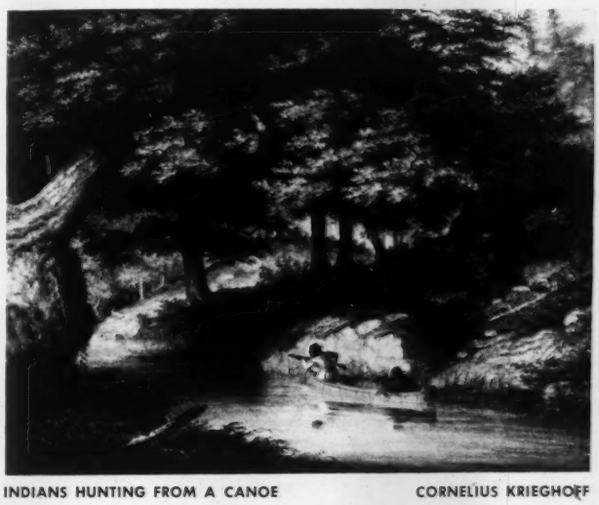

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Foreign Affairs

The Worst-Housed Major Nation

PARIS: It is an endless exasperation to study the French situation. The French know everything that is wrong with the country and what should be done to reform it. But they are also full of excuses as to why they have not been able to do better. They are sceptical, derisory of their leaders, fatalistic about the decline of France, and utterly selfish in defending the positions they have marked out for themselves and their group, demanding that any sacrifices be made by someone else. According to the popular conception, the French are strong on *amour;* but their notable lack of community spirit is, at bottom, a lack of love for each other.

Nothing in France is more exasperating than the housing situation. It has been getting worse for nearly 40 years, and has now become a great national problem and a social scandal. It all started when rents were frozen during the First World War. When the franc was first devalued in the mid-twenties, the renters had their apartments for a song (and almost everyone in the French cities lives in rented apartments). Maybe they sang about their good luck at that time, but the roof has never been repaired since then, nor the plumbing fixed. The electric wiring remains neglected, and, of course, there has been no new paint or paper. What landlord could afford it, as one devaluation succeeded another while the rent freeze was maintained with but slight concessions?

The song has long since turned to a wail, and home sweet home become a place to avoid. It may be no coincidence that France has, during this time, become the most alcoholic nation in the world. There is said to be a *bistro* today for every 67 Parisians, in which a man or a woman can spend money which is properly the landlord's trying to forget how filthy and unsanitary and generally mediaeval are their lodgings. If the French can afford to spend as much as they do on food and drink, it is mainly because they spend on the average only 3.4 per cent of their income on rent, as against an average of about 10 per cent for most other Europeans and 20 per cent for Canadians.

The French people are intelligent enough to realize that you cannot get decent housing for a thirtieth part of your income. But this low rent has now been built into the family budget for a generation, and however out of proportion it may be, the French family budget is a desperately hard-pressed one. If you suggest the simple solution of allowing rents to rise until it again becomes profitable to build and repair housing for the masses, you get the quick answer that wages would have to be raised. Then, too, the age-old unpopularity of landlords is evoked, to bedevil the question and remind one that they have fewer votes than the renters.

To raise wages, in a stagnant economy whose productivity is declining instead of increasing, would be to refuel the inflationary drive which French governments have been fighting so grimly for the past three years. The real answer is the one which Sir Stafford Cripps urged for so long in Britain: to raise productivity, so that there is more cake to divide up and everyone can have a larger piece. But that would require the reform of the whole French tax system, which suppresses initiative, encourages widespread fraud and bears more heavily on the poor than the rich. As Paul Reynaud told me, there isn't a deputy who doesn't know that this must be done, nor one who will vote for it.

It would require changing the thinking of the restrictive, intensely selfish French business community. It would mean invigorating the backward, highly protected farmers, and shifting a couple of million of these from the madly wasteful occupation of producing sugar-beets and wine which the state buys at a guaranteed price and turns into industrial alcohol. You can see mountains of these surplus beets, when driving through the country; and as for the surplus wine, the figure I gave last week was ten times too low. It should have been 350 million litres of last year's wine turned into alcohol.

The workers on the state railways, who now take their ease and their pension at 55, would have to be persuaded to work till 65, as even workers in rich countries still have to do. All of the French working class, which follows the Communists only because of a justifiable discontent and through the failure of the French Socialist Party, would have to be persuaded that more productive work would not mean just more profits for the owner. Finally, some of the swarms of middlemen and many of the 950,000 merchants of this country would have to be squeezed out of business.

TO CARRY out all of this and give the country a dynamic economy would require the kind of new deal that Mendès-France proposes—such a great change in the nation's fixed way of political and economic life that it can only be produced by a crisis much more severe and prolonged than any since the Popular Front of 1936.

Such a crisis, I believe, will come. Meantime French Governments are trying to deal with the housing situation by increased state intervention. France, for all her long-accumulated need and the war damage on top of that, has been building until very lately only one-tenth as many houses as Germany. The Government is sub-

sidizing the building and subsidizing the rents.

I mentioned last week the example of a small three-roomed house which can be bought for as little as $750 down and an average of $7 a month for 20 years—which is, to all intents and purposes, a gift. I have since investigated some more of these houses being built in Orleans under state subsidy. A co-operative of local building firms is putting them up, and doing it probably as quickly and cheaply as anyone in France. The houses are ready to occupy within three months, which is quite remarkable in this country, where the average building time of an apartment block is three years. The dwellings have three bedrooms, a bathroom, living room, kitchen and a store room which can be finished later; they cost 2,350,000 francs or $7000 including the land. If you should be lucky enough to be at the head of the queue, and happen to have, say, three children, you can get one of these neat little houses by putting down $350 and paying $13 a month for 20 years. If you have 5 children, the monthly payments are only $6.

The state advances 80 per cent of the cost of construction, the county 10 per cent and the building co-operative the rest. Then the state provides an annual subsidy of $180, plus a rent grant, for a man with a small income and three children, of $240 a year. But where the need for new houses is in the millions, only some 35,000 a year are being built under this program. Low-rent apartments, also heavily subsidized, are going up at the rate of about 25,000 a year, while bombed-out families are still receiving new houses or apartments, free, at the rate of 10,000 a year. The press was not slow to point out that, if the Ministry of Housing were, in fact, to carry out its newly announced program of 200,000 houses a year for 35 years, this would quickly result in a budget crisis.

The whole housing program is entirely impractical, in that it is not producing the houses that the nation needs and is further burdening a budget mainly raised from taxes on food and consumer goods, which bear most heavily on the poor man. The German program, which stresses the savings of the prospective buyer, reasonable rents and lowest possible building costs, is by contrast, sensationally successful.

In one sector, however, the French are doing much better than the Germans and should have their due. They are doing an admirable job of reconstructing their war-damaged cities and towns, taking each task as a whole, preserving the traditions of the locality and in many cases carefully reconstructing historical buildings. I saw the cities on the Loire, which were badly hit both at the beginning of the war and at the end, and was much impressed. Caen, St. Malo, Brest, Cherbourg, Le Havre, Dunkirk and others have all been largely rebuilt, I am told. In this case, brand new dwellings are handed over, free of charge, to people who were bombed out.

Another sector in which things are going rather well is among the really big industries. In Lorraine I saw excellent housing, settlement after settlement, put up by steel mills and coal mines. At Marseilles, Anglo-Iranian has a handsome settlement for its workers and engineers. In the French tradition of low rent, the latter firm charges the ridiculous sum of $2.70 a month for a four-roomed house. The steel mills were charging $6; and the nationalized coal mines were playing Santa Claus with free rent, and free coal besides.

No story of French housing would be complete without some expedition into that wonderland of furnished apartments for sub-letting, in which our Canadian officials in Paris, the many thousands of Americans, and all other well-heeled foreigners compete vigorously with the local French demand. There is no rent ceiling on furnished quarters, and no restrictions on the building of new apartments to replace the space swallowed by the foreigners.

Prices range from $125 a month for a large single room with bath; when you have paid your rent, you are just started. You also pay for the elevator, for heat, for the telephone every time you use it, for hot water, and for gas and electricity. And often you are paying this to a Frenchman who is only a tenant himself and who is making a good living off you merely through providing a little furniture, while the owner of the place gets only the old frozen rent fee.

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Ottawa Letter

The Varying Moods of Ministers

THE ST. LAURENT CABINET does not meet Parliament with a harmonious outlook about its prospects for the session, if the performances of two important members of it on the eve of the session are any index of its state of mind.

So peeved was Prime Minister St. Laurent by an editorial in the *Ottawa Journal*, which questioned the propriety of his procedure in regard to the election of a new Speaker of the House of Commons that, blithely forgetting the old rule that in a controversy with a politician a newspaper always has the last word, he took the step unprecedented for a Canadian Prime Minister of rushing into print with a letter to the editor of the *Journal* in defence of his course.

By contrast, on October 29, at a banquet given by the Air Industry and Transport Association, Mr. Claxton, the Minister of National Defence, was in such a cheerful mood that he emerged in the role of a Ministerial Danny Kaye and regaled his audience, in what an Ottawa paper described as "a booming, if somewhat croaking, baritone", with a ballad about the air base at Goose Bay—a parody credited to Sol Rae, of the Department of External Affairs, of Rudyard Kipling's "Road to Mandalay". How steep was its descent from the original can be gauged from the chorus which ran:

"On the Road to Old Goose Bay
Where all the F-86s lay
And the nursing sisters sing all night
To keep the wolves at bay
Come ye all back to Old Goose Bay
And the Royal Bank will pay
Where the VIPs need BVDs
At Goose Bay 'cross the way."

We are told that this deplorable piece of doggerel "won a big hand" which can be ascribed as you choose, either to a habitual reverence for ministerial talents, or enthusiasm over the originality of the performance.

It was an announcement to a press conference by Mr. St. Laurent that the Government intended to nominate René Beaudoin as Speaker of the new House of Commons which moved the *Ottawa Journal* to wrath. The *Journal* challenged its propriety on the ground that it was an unwarrantable violation of an ancient and jealously guarded convention that the election of its Speaker is the prerogative solely of the House of Commons; in support of its criticism it cited the high authority of the younger William Pitt and Arthur Meighen.

In his lengthy letter of rebuttal, the Prime Minister argued that the Canadian Parliament had in its procedure never been a slavish imitator of the practices followed at Westminster, and he reinforced this claim with a historical resumé showing that his course had been followed by every Canadian Prime Minister since Confederation. He also produced a high trump card by revealing that he had consulted Mr. Drew about the nomination, which the latter had agreed to second, thereby becoming an accomplice in the action which had aroused the *Journal's* anger. But, undismayed by this disclosure, the *Journal* in a later editorial stuck to its ground and pronounced Mr. St. Laurent's historical resumé as "a display of irrelevant erudition."

The intervention in the controversy of a prominent Liberal member of the Upper House, Senator J. W. de B. Farris, was a dubious venture, as it disregarded an old established convention that neither of the two Houses of Parliament should ever interfere with the affairs of the other. Senator Farris saw fit to defend his leader and to chide the *Journal* for showing "concern over conjured-up trivialities." However, a higher authority upon parliamentary practices than Senator Farris, namely Mr. Arthur Beauchesne, who was Clerk of the House of Commons for many years, came to the support of the *Journal's* case and posed some awkward questions for Mr. St. Laurent to answer.

If the Prime Minister, said Mr. Beauchesne, was unconcerned with the practice of the British House of

JAMES MUIR

Roy H. Thomson, Chairman of the Board of The Scotsman Publications Limited, Edinburgh, Scotland, and proprietor of Thomson Newspapers in Canada, today announced the appointment of James Muir of Montreal as a Director of The Scotsman Publications Limited. Mr. Muir was born at Peebles, Scotland, and emigrated to Canada in 1912. He is President of The Royal Bank of Canada; Vice-President of the Montreal Trust; a director of the Canadian Pacific Railways; Standard Brands Inc., New York; Capital Investment Corp., Montreal; and other companies. He is a Freeman of the Royal and Ancient Burgh of Peebles, Scotland, and a Doctor of Civil Law, Bishop's University, Canada.

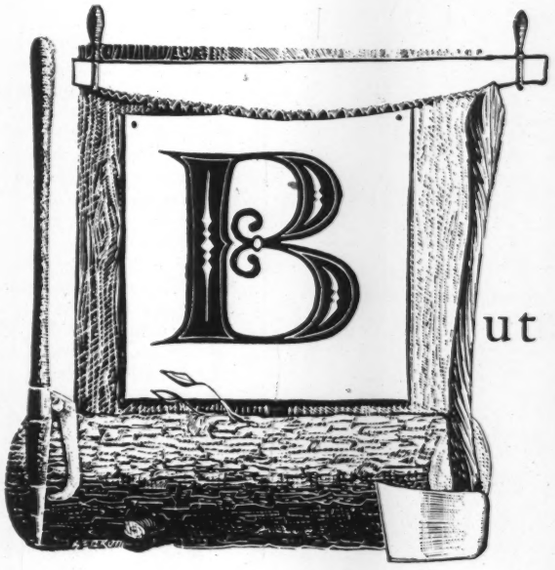
Commons in the election of its speakers, should he not move to amend the preamble of the British North America Act still the legal casket containing our constitution, which says that it "shall be similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom?" And should he not propose the abolition of Standing Order No. 1 of the House of Commons, which reads: "In all cases not provided hereafter by sessional or other orders, the usages and customs of the United Kingdom so in force at the time shall be followed in so far as they are applicable to this House."? Probably Mr. St. Laurent now regrets that, when he was asked about the choice of a Speaker, he did not reply that he must be silent about a prerogative of the House of Commons and Mr. Drew equally regrets that the same thought did not occur to him.

Occasions for this sort of controversy would be much fewer if our House of Commons followed the more sensible British practice of keeping a Speaker in his office until death claims him or the burden of old age compels his retirement. A British Speaker, after he has been in the chair for a few years becomes thoroughly conversant with the rules of the House of Commons and deeply imbued with the tradition of his office that partisan feelings must never govern his decisions. As a result, every Speaker of the British House of Commons within living memory has enjoyed universal respect from all parties for his consistent fairness, and commanded such high authority over it that his rulings were rarely challenged.

At Ottawa, each fresh Parliament since 1930 has seen the installation of a new Speaker and, while some of them had gained some previous experience as Deputy-Speakers, or chairmen of committees, not a few of them came raw to their job. It fell to the lot of Mr. Beauchesne during his long tenure of the Clerkship, to educate a series of Speakers about their duties; when, in the early stages of their careers they had to make a ruling upon a delicate point, it was their habit to reserve their decision and consult Mr. Beauchesne. Moreover, in some cases they found it extremely difficult to shed their partisan feelings. As a consequence, their rulings were frequently challenged as unfair and the time of the House of Commons was often wasted in unseemly wrangles over decisions of the Speaker.

Surely it is absurd that, soon after a Speaker has become reasonably qualified for the efficient performance of his duties, he should be discarded and a novice should have to begin learning them. The practice of changing the Speakers of the Commons after every dissolution has not been followed consistently in Canada. Mr. Cockburn was Speaker in the first two Parliaments after Confederation; Mr. Rhodes, after serving as Speaker for part of the Parliament of 1911-17, was re-elected for the Parliament of 1917-21 and Rodolphe Lemieux was Speaker for the three Parliaments between 1921 and 1930. Continuity of office for the Speaker of the House of Commons would be conducive to the more efficient management of its business.

JOHN A. STEVENSON



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Music

The Big Time

ALTHOUGH THE CANADIAN concert organized by BMI was a resounding success, it would be a mistake to think just because the conductor was Stokowski and the place Carnegie Hall, that therefore Canadian music has reached the Big Time.

The circumstances of this concert were artificial. It was a special concert, prepared for this one occasion, rather than the overflow of a wave of enthusiasm of some regular orchestra. The audience, too, was special, including a large list of diplomats, some of whom were heard to remark that surely Canada could think of some more spicy way than a symphony concert of giving international entertainment.

No performance in New York means that Canadian music has reached the Big Time. As far as Canadians are concerned, the Big Time is right here. Canadian artists will measure their worldly success by the appreciation and affection of their countrymen. Sibelius has reached the Big Time, not because his music is played in New York, but because it is played in Finland. He is respected and admired *at home*, as a man who has made some useful attempts to speak to the hearts of his neighbors. That his success should be world-wide is an additional splendor that lends fresh lustre to his native honors. But in Canada we continue to cherish the preposterous delusion that an artist who stays in Canada is somehow deficient in ability. There are signs that this attitude is breaking down; but whether it breaks down or not, it is certainly quite false.

The agencies responsible for this concert are to be congratulated for undertaking something in music whose function was neither to attract the largest audience nor to make the most money, but merely to do something which seemed to be useful, attractive and rewarding. If only it had not been done in New York!

But it was done in New York; and that meant that everything we heard in Canada was filtered and castrated by its horrible passage through the land-line. This had a particularly disastrous effect on the work which opened the second half of the program, Francois Morel's *Antiphonie*. The reports of those who were present unite in describing this work as being one of arresting charm, the charm lying particularly in the beauty and subtlety of the orchestration. Very little of this was transmitted to the expectant population of this luckless realm. We heard the beautiful long horn tune with which the piece began (I hope it was a horn), and we noticed with pleasure that this tune was taken up with bold and striking harmonies, which at the same time conspired to produce a feeling of repose. But the

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special beauty of the orchestration was certainly lost; indeed, were it not for the warm assurances of those who were in the hall, I should almost have said it sounded worthy, but uneventful, like a well-graded academic exercise.

The second half continued with Two Mystic Songs of John Donne set for orchestra and soprano by Godfrey Ridout, and sung by Lois Marshall. I say nothing of the unfortunate error in timing that caused the music to begin before the announcement was over. Both these songs were traditional, in the sense that the critic is able to name other composers with whom they might be compared: J. S. Bach, and Elgar, respectively. Note, however, that this does not make Mr. Ridout's music either better or worse. It merely makes it easier for a lazy man to give you an idea of what it sounded like.

The first song, the Bach-like one, illustrated once more that an adroit composer can put his music illustrations into the accompaniment, and leave the voice to setting forth the words and the principal melody without further elaboration. Throughout this piece the accompaniment marked out serene jubilation, which at one point was instantaneously transformed into urgency and intensity at the word *terror*. I thought this a very imposing *coup de théâtre*, and the whole song seemed very fine. I wish I could have made out the words. The pick-up on Miss Marshall's voice was very bad; but then, alas, Miss Marshall needs only complete clarity of articulation to achieve perfection and be translated at once into Heaven. As it is, the words were virtually missing, so I can say nothing about Mr. Ridout's exquisite sensibility in following their exact sense—if, indeed, he displayed such a thing.

The second song swept the singer along on a slowly rising tide of rich, thick, grand, romantic, full-strength vintage Hippocrene. Both these songs showed an excellent grasp of the principle of central unity, the underlying musical thread that pierces and joins all conceits and excursions. Schubert understood this at the age of sixteen when he welded the Erlking with the galloping hoofbeats, and Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel with the sound of the wheel itself. It is the test of a song-writer's maturity.

The last work was the *Coronation Suite* of Dr. Healey Willan. This work was massacred by Mr. Stokowski, with the Westminster Choir of Princeton, N.J. as accessories during the fact. It says much for the strength and dignity of Dr. Willan's work that something still survived even after all the orchestral episodes (which were mainly elaborated marchless, full of a sense of occasion, and with an antique, ceremonial flavor) had been taken at the wrong tempo so much so that in the second episode Mr. Stokowski cut out a great chunk, presumably because it sounded too long the way he was playing it.

I shall not describe the activities of the choir. Lewis Carroll has done this already. They simply took part in a Caucus Race: everybody started when he pleased, everybody finished when he pleased, and everybody won. Comfits were then handed round, but they shall have none from me, nor, I suspect from Dr. Willan, who cannot have enjoyed playing Titus Andronicus to Stokowski's Saturninus, and receiving the mangled corpses of his children.

The suite itself is a fine piece of work. Badly performed as it was, something came through of its dignity and purposefulness. Had it received the treatment it deserved, it would have made a memorable end to a memorable concert.

LISTER SINCLAIR

Snow Falls With Sound

Who will say these never before were spoken,
Such melting words, so softly feathering down
From the grey beyond, purlieus void, forsaken,
Where vastness broods wind lonely and alone.
Who has not heard the speech of snow down drifting,
Slumbering syllables, slow haunting sound
Full of the dreaming past, ghost shadows shifting
Fading and growing at the touch of mind.
Down, down fall the flakes to a soft murmur,
Hushed the snow fogged world, its high noon blurred,
And now doubt weeps the trumpet-green of summer
Lost in the white of the imponderable word.
Yet all the years in rolling triumph teach
That spring will shout above this muffled speech.

MYRTLE ADAMS

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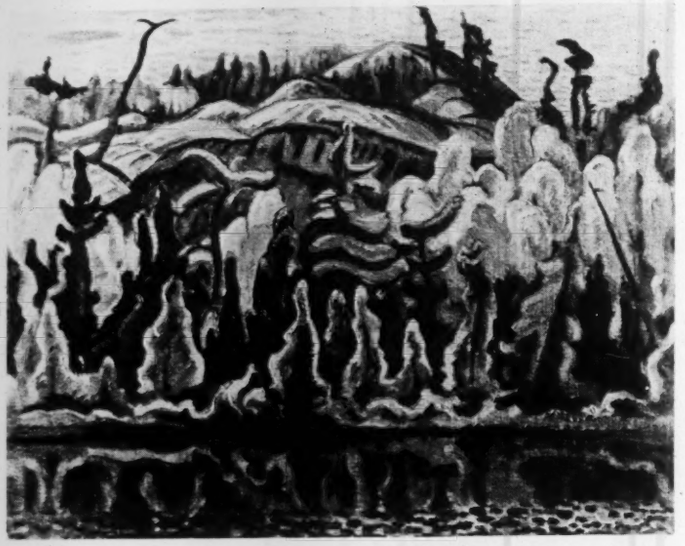

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Art

A Canadian Epic

LAST MONTH, the waning harvest moon shone down on the most abundant crop ever gleaned by an artist from Canadian soil. A half-century of cultivation had gone to produce it, and what had once been mistaken for wild oats turned out to be a very hardy grade of No. 1 wheat. The cultivator, 71-year-old Dr. Alexander Young Jackson, CMG, was still at work. The 375 items from his hand on exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery were but part of the total yield.

No man has seen more of Canada than Jackson or viewed it to better purpose; no man in any pursuit has presented so much of the spirit and shape of our nation.

Cheerful and stubborn, Jackson has succeeded in establishing an epic. Epic is a mighty word, but it fits his achievements. Jackson's vision has now become as much a part of our heritage as Constable's has of England, or Winslow Homer's of the United States. His paintings reveal the challenge of our earth.

The early years of the twentieth century were a period of Free Trade between the topography of the New World and art styles adopted from Europe. In the half century since then, A. Y. Jackson has shown an intense Canadianism and an unusual constancy of purpose. His watercolor, "Early Spring, Hemingford" (1905) gave an inkling of future designs. His painting (with the exception of the war and post-war years to 1920) has shown a very gradual development. Jackson's art, like himself, is short on ceremony. He early evolved a rough, lyrical style fitted for recording the North. It was not a job for the whittler of cherry stones.

It has been remarked that Jackson's canvases sometimes lack rhythmic variety. This is true. It has been said that his surfaces lack "finish". That is also true. Besides, I might add, he utilizes a pink or red accent so often that it almost becomes patent. Accept these shortcomings — and there are others — and the bulk of Jackson's work still composes a vast achievement. If you add up this artist's failings and subtract them from his virtues, you will find that what remains is one of the few great creative figures this country has to its credit.

Guilty of banality Jackson certainly has been. Witness those two giant wool-work vulgarities, "Terre Sauvage" (1913) and "Lake Superior Country" (1924) — loud, self-conscious and shrill. But then look at, say, "The Freddy Channel" (1920), "Winter Road, Quebec" (1920), "Aurora" (1928), "Les Eboulements" (1929), "Autumn, Lake Superior" (1923) or "Blood Indian Reserve, Alberta" (1937). Such works as these make up for many mistakes.

PAUL DUVAL.

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Lighter Side

Interview With Mr. Deere

THE RECENT PRESS interview with Mr. John of New York sent me straight over to the studio of a talented local milliner, Mr. Godfrey Deere.

Mr. Deere was busy over his drawing board, but he was good enough to interrupt his work and read the press clipping I had brought along.

"Oh, I do agree with him!" he exclaimed when he had finished. "For instance, this bit—'The hat that says "Here I come," is not the hat for a lady!' I *love* that. I do wish women would realize that men simply don't respond to that type of challenge. How would you as a woman react, for instance, to a snap brim that said 'H'ya, Babe!'?"

"Well, I—" I began.

"Personally I hate all hats that make announcements," Mr. Deere continued. "They *terrify* me. I could no more respond to a hat that said 'Here I come,' than to a hat that said, 'The meeting will please come to order,' or 'Train leaving for Buffalo on Track 5.' I mean to say, after *all*."

"I see what you mean," I said, beginning to get a little confused. "Only—"

"I see here that Mr. John says he never designs a hat for a custom-client until he knows her way of life," Mr. Deere continued. "I'd be inclined to go even further than that. As a matter of fact, I frequently insist on a Rorschach test before I design a hat for a custom-client."

"Really!" I exclaimed, "and do they—"

"My dear, they love it!" said Mr. Deere. "I had one client who was so delighted with the results of the test that she wore it for a hat."

"The Rorschach Test!" I said incredulously.

"Of course the Rorschach Test," Mr. Deere answered. "I worked it up in black-black organza and she wore it to the Queen's Plate. She was mad about it. I mean *literally* mad."

"There's another point," I broke in, speaking very rapidly this time. "Mr. John says he never explains his hats because a hat that requires explanation is not a success. Would you agree with that?"

"Absolutely," Mr. Deere said. "I have a very simple test for that. If a client carries on a hat back to front, it goes back to the studio for remodelling. I have even had clients who tried hats on upside down. In that case I insist on a complete remodelling of both client and hat."

"But you never explain a hat to a client?" I repeated.

"Never!" Mr. Deere said. "It shouldn't be necessary to explain. Personally, I have no patience with abstract hats, expressionistic hats, surrealistic hats that explore the unconscious, or genre hats that attempt to tell a story. A good hat should be strictly representational."

"You mean that a hat should represent a hat?" I asked.

"Good Heavens, no, not necessarily," said Mr. Deere. "It can represent anything on earth from the Massey Report to the English Hand Bell Ringers Association, just as long as it is perfectly clear what is intended. For instance, I once designed a hat for a South African client that represented Victoria Falls. Absolutely representational. The only difficulty was that the wearer had to be piped for running water."

"And was she?" I said, "I mean, did she actually—"

"One of my greatest successes," Mr. Deere went on, "was a hat that played *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* on a concealed hidden turntable. My dear, it was fabulous! The only trouble was the cheaper manufacturers began to copy it, and by the time all the hats were playing Irving Berlin, the better type of client dropped it."

"YOU HAVE had a very rich life, Mr. Deere," I said.

"Well, I've enjoyed it," Mr. Deere said. "Naturally I've got over my madcap days when every feather mount, every bit of buckram, represented a challenge. I now have, like Mr. John, a sound factual approach to hats. What I am specializing in at present is the lively, topical, functional hat, if you know what I mean."

He took his sketch off the drawing board and handed it to me. "Now what does this hat suggest to you?" he asked.

It looked like a rather large hat, as hats go these days, and it was trimmed with a variety of mounts, clips and veilings. It looked, I thought, rather heterogeneous and crowded, a busy hat.

"The Metropolitan Area Plan?" I asked after a moment.

"Of course not," Mr. Deere said crossly. "Whatever gave you that silly idea?"

He waited.

"It wouldn't be the North Atlantic Treaty Organization?" I asked getting a little desperate.

To my dismay Mr. Deere snatched away the sketch and burst into tears. "It's just a cocktail hat," he said, "just a perfectly simple hat to wear to cocktail parties. Good Heavens, doesn't it explain itself?"

"I'm *so* sorry," I said, and added after a moment, "Did you notice that Mr. John is introducing little mink knee-caps to protect Canadian women against the climate and the rising hemline."

"Oh, go *away*," said Mr. Deere, and I stole off, leaving him alone with his ruined afternoon.

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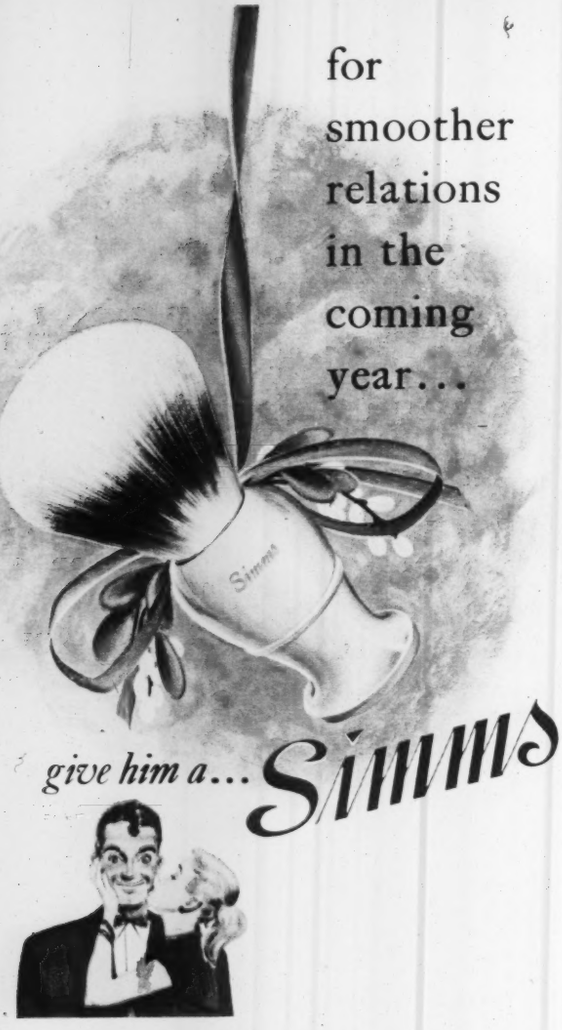

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Books

Dr. Neatby Punches the Pedagogues

DR. HILDA NEATBY, in her indictment of Canadian education called *So Little For The Mind*, makes charges which our professional educationists will have to answer as quickly and as ably as they can. The same charges have been made by a variety of critics, but they have never before been marshalled in a single attack by a person of Dr. Neatby's personal authority. She is the Professor of History at the University of Saskatchewan, and she was a member of the Massey Commission. If the professional educators allow her book to go unanswered, it will be because they cannot answer it. Neither Dr. Neatby nor her book can be ignored because they are insignificant.

Her charge is that primary and secondary education in Canada today is anti-cultural and anti-intellectual. The older education, which aimed at arming children with facts, and some experience in the use of facts, has been replaced by "progressive" education, rooted in the doctrines of the late Dr. John Dewey (and chiefly laid down in his book *Democracy and Education*). From this Deweyism comes the modern tendency to make schooling as pleasant and easy as possible, to remove the discipline of examinations, to provide vocational training and other alternatives to difficult subjects for pupils who cannot master them (because experience of failure is bad for children and their educational pattern must be one of success) and to apply to children widely varying and dubious psychological techniques, including a form of "vocational guidance" which is little better than fortune-telling by tea leaves. The outcome is a population which is less truly educated than it used to be, because it does not know enough facts, does not know how to think, and has been led to suppose that life is easy.

Many people, like the present writer, who are old enough to remember the older education, will not be wholeheartedly with Dr. Neatby in celebrating its virtues. I can recall when four or five mothers used to arrive at school every morning, literally dragging their screaming young; the tyranny of some teachers and the rigidity of the system made school a house of torment for those who did not, in one way or another, fit into the pattern. Anything which corrects that is at least partly good, and I am always agreeably surprised by the fact that modern children seem positively to like school.

It cannot be denied, also, that there are many excellent new textbooks and that they are being intelligently used. And it seems to me that children learn to read as fast and as accurately as they did thirty years ago, and that their grasp of arithmetic and spelling is better than I recall it in my own childhood. (Of course I can speak only for Ontario.) Nor was the earlier curriculum antiseptically free of nonsense. I recall some moralistic trash contained in things called Golden Rule Books, some "Hygiene" which was unscientific twaddle and unsystematic, useless orgies of calisthenics and "deep-breathing". And if my own experience is too recent, members of earlier generations of my family have handed down tales of educational foolishness from the reign of Queen Victoria.

In fairness to Dr. Neatby I must hasten to say that she does not advocate a return to an earlier system, and I mention these things only to suggest that all educational systems have been infected with the human passion for half-baked experiment. But Dr. Neatby does advocate a return to a humanist ideal of education, and in this thousands of worried parents will agree with her.

The great sin of modern Canadian education, as many people insist and as Dr. Neatby patiently shows, is that it asks too little of Canadian children. Canadians are very intelligent people. They should be: they have the circumstances in which intelligence flourishes. But Canadians are not a cultured people and they are an intellectually lazy people. In part this is so because we were, for a century or so, a pioneer country where material values were demonstrably important, and material success could be made to serve as a cloak for a great deal of provinciality and downright stupidity. We still think of ourselves in pioneer terms, though we are now a wealthy nation of townspeople. Further, this is a country where it is easy to make a living, and even a good living. Why should we bother with education beyond the standard which appears to serve us well?

The answer, briefly, is that undereducated nations fall prey to vicious political systems, because they are not realistic in their thinking. It is easy to get through a Canadian school system; it is fun to join in the organized sneaking which passes as "psychological evaluation"; it is obvious that personal thinking and personal learning are not important, for the schools do not insist upon them; it is clear that little is to be gained by showing personal initiative or being cleverer than others; it is plain that no penalties attach to incompetence and dull-

ness. And this sort of training does not make for democratic citizenship, and the guts to defend our hard-won rights; it makes rather for the cream-puff, don't-care, I-should-worry mentality.

This kind of education is not good enough for Canadian children. They deserve something that they can get their teeth into. But how did that fatuous idea of education get its grip in this country?

Education was the first element in Canadian society to be organized on socialist principles. For sufficient reasons, the government of each province took over the burden of organizing education, basing its system on the new idea (still not a century old) that everybody can be educated with profit to himself and to the state. So far, so good. But socialism breeds bureaucracy and specialization, and we have developed a class of professional educators who must, to justify themselves, claim to know a great deal more about education than ordinary teachers and more, perhaps, than can be supported by common sense. It is notorious that the Ministers of Education in our ten provincial governments are bamboozled by the men who are supposed to be working under them. These experts talk a jargon unknown to simple politicians. Furthermore, the portfolio of education is too often combined with another, or given to a man who is easily frightened by the Doctors of Pedagogy and thinks that his best course is to keep free of their Rosicrucian mysteries and to make frequent speeches in which he asserts that education is, in a large general way, a good thing.

The High Priests of Education dominate the provincial departments. They are, as Dr. Neatby points out, men not known for scholarship or contributions to culture. They control the training schools in which young people are taught to be teachers, and here they have planted the pernicious doctrine that teacher-technique is of more importance than a knowledge of the subject taught. Is it surprising that great numbers of Canadian teachers are persons of deficient general education and culture, and do not even know what it is they lack?

Gloom and despondency must not go too far, however. There are also many teachers who have a true vocation for their work, and a background suited to it. They try to follow the paths laid down by the departmental wizards, but their common sense rebels; they cannot help communicating some of their own experience, excellent character, and enthusiasm for learning to their pupils. They are the real teachers. But they never scale the dizzy heights of departmental authority. They cannot stomach the Dewey opium dope. They cannot bring themselves to believe that education in the age of the Common Man should fit the child to be as common as possible, without taking any trouble to see that he also becomes a man.

I should like to see Dr. Neatby's book become a best-seller. Not only should educationists read it—to fume, or perhaps to chuckle and cheer—but every intelligent Canadian should read it. It treats soberly and factually of an extremely serious national problem. I do not hesitate to say that it is the book of most far-reaching importance to appear in this country since the Massey Report. Read it and weep; read it and swear; read it and protest; read it and determine that you will see what you can do to repair the situation it describes. Read it.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

SO LITTLE FOR THE MIND—by Hilda Neatby—pp. 335, pp. 49 of notes and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

In Brief

HELLEBORE THE CLOWN—by Maurice Rowdon—pp. 218—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.10.

Portraits of clowns in fiction are filled with danger, for the wild, deep fun of the great clown is very hard to make real in prose. But Maurice Rowdon succeeds in this difficult feat, and has written a book which may be enjoyed on a number of levels. It tells of the return of Hellebore to the stage after an absence of five years, and the book concerns itself with the dress rehearsal and first night of a large variety show in Paris in 1920. The theme, of which the author seems to be a little afraid, is the artist's concentration on his work, and his longing for freedom, complicated by the demands of the incubi and succubi who cling to and drag down the man of genius, and seek to rob him of his appetite for life. So true and convincing is this theme, and so rarely is it

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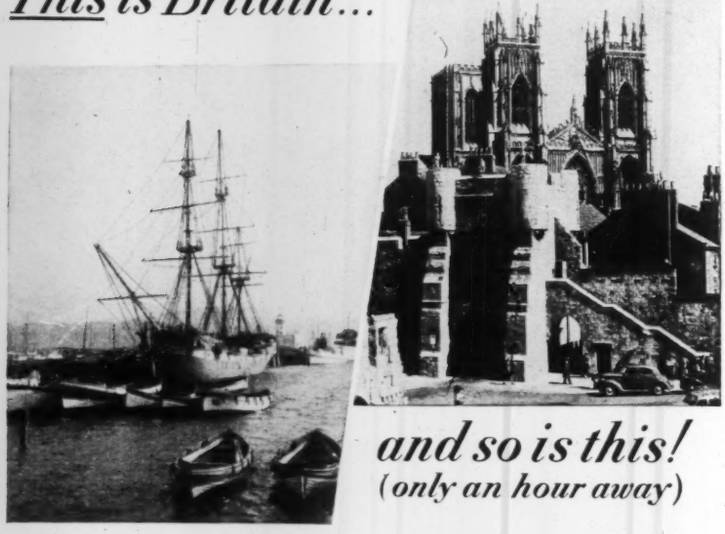

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explored, that we wish Mr. Rowdon had abandoned himself more completely to it. Nevertheless, he has written a distinguished book.

CROWN FOR A PRISONER—by Jane Oliver —pp. 317—*Collins*—$2.75.

Miss Oliver solves the main problems of the historical novelist with striking skill: she keeps her history in perfect balance with her story; she suggests an earlier age without writing fancy-dress prose; she does not go on for too long because she knows how to omit. Her hero is James Stewart, King of Scotland, but prisoner first of Henry IV of England then of Henry V. The royal prisoner becomes bitter, but his marriage with John of Gaunt's grand-daughter sweetens the world for him, and he lives to rule his own kingdom. At last his severity brings about his murder. His story is told with many good touches by an author who knows how to quicken history without falsifying it. Recommended.

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING—by Maurice O'Sullivan—pp. 298 with maps on end papers—*Oxford*—$1.25.

A reprint, in the pleasant format of The World's Classics, of one of the freshest and most beautiful books of our time. O'Sullivan was born and grew up on the Great Blasket, one of the Irish-speaking islands off the Irish coast, and in this book he tells of a life and an outlook deeply refreshing to those who live in a world where life is more complex, but usually thinner and poorer in feeling.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS—by Norah Burke—pp. 279—*McLeod*—$3.25.

The fall of the stately homes of England under the onslaughts of twentieth century taxation is a good theme, and as we begin this tale of the struggle of the Duke of Attenborough and his Duchess, Lady Margaret Rodney their daughter, and their grandchildren, to keep up a palace of 300 rooms, we sharpen our teeth for something meaty, or humorous, or moving. But the author has made her aristocrats genteel rather than noble, and has brought forward no good reason why they should continue to exist. The note of sentimental regret is wearisome, and we are left with a sense of annoyance that a good theme has been botched.

THE SHORT NOVELS OF JOHN STEINBECK—pp. 407—*Macmillan*—$3.50.

Admirers will be glad to have *Tortilla Flat, The Red Pony, Of Mice and Men, The Moon Is Down, Cannery Row,* and *The Pearl* in a single volume of no more than the size of an ordinary novel. But this convenience is purchased at the cost of printing in double columns, which Steinbeck survives no better than The Bible or Shakespeare.

THE WOODEN O—by Celia Dale—pp. 255 —*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

Competent stories about theatre companies are always good fun, and this one is worthy without being distinguished. It is about the production of a series of Shakespearean plays in a small theatre not far from Stratford-on-Avon, and the friendships and quarrels among the company. The author is somewhat carried away by the Romance of the Theatre, and occasionally develops such prose tumors as "The costumes and the plate were sold and the effulgence which had begoldened every sense of eye and ear and brain, had dimmed to a shabby shame". But after a wallowing start she writes a pleasant book.

MACAULAY, PROSE AND POETRY—selected by G. M. Young—pp. 864—*Clarke, Irwin* —$6.00.

An excellent choice from the works of one of the great gas-bags of English letters. Macaulay's brazen-lunged style has been as much abused as he himself abused the Restoration dramatists, and many of his literary judgments (such as that on Boswell) have been reversed by time. Yet he remains a great writer in his fashion, and in our day of whimpering, whispering writers it is refreshing to read him. He knew his own mind and, with all its faults, it is a mind most of us would be proud to call our own.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS—by Percy M. Young—pp. 199 with illustrations and 39 useful pages of Appendices and Index—*Saunders*—$4.50.

Respectful, affectionate but genuine criticism is the key-note of this book, which combines biography with a detailed appraisal of RVW's music as it appears to a conductor and musical scholar. There are more than a hundred musical quotations, of sufficient length to be really useful to the student, and good lists of published and recorded music. This is no mere "appreciation" but a good book about a giant in contemporary music.

THE KRAKEN WAKES—by John Wyndham—pp. 288—*Michael Joseph*—$2.75.

A thriller, and a good one, about an attack on mankind by an unseen but highly intelligent force beneath the sea. The story is told by Mike Watson and his wife Phyllis, who are broadcasters by trade. They are able to follow the menace from its earliest antics (snatching ships from the surface of the ocean), through a full-scale attack in the West Indies (when the monster tanks, emitting balloons, come on land and roll human beings up into bundles and bear them off below the sea) until the ice-caps at the North and South Poles are melted, the world is enveloped in fog, and Trafalgar Square is a lake. The writing is both light-handed and terrifying, and a good idea is carried through without wobbling to a hopeful finish. Agreeably marrow-freezing.

GUARD YOUR DAUGHTERS—by Diana Tutton —pp. 250—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.10.

Readers who like to crawl into an agreeable book and lose themselves in the problems of a charming imaginary family will find what they want here. The story is of an English author, his strange wife, and their five beautiful daughters, who are virtually prisoners of their mother's neurotic fear of the outside world and particularly of young men. The stratagems of the girls to find beaux, and the unravelling of the mystery of the mother's personality provide the plot of this amusing light novel.

BY THE DAWN'S UGLY LIGHT—by R. Taylor —*McLeod*—$1.75.

Hangovers are funnier, of course, when you haven't got one. This is an

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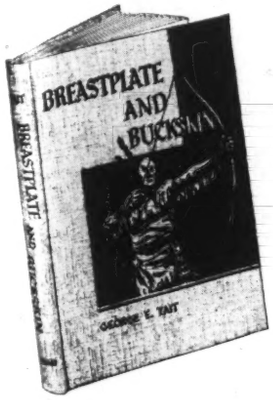

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immensely droll study of that unfortunate state which will amuse any sober soul except a proselytizing total abstainer. If you want to be very cruel, you might try its effect on someone who is actually suffering from a hangover; the fun should then be rib-splitting. As it is a book of funny pictures, it would make a good week-end gift.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH—by Malcom Thomson—pp. 128—chiefly pictures—*Ryerson*—$3.25.

A pictorial biography, very well done, and respectfully admiring without inducing nausea in the reader. The Duke is a handsome man, and it is fun to guess, from these pictures, what he will look like in twenty years. Still handsome, but bald probably.

B.E.N.

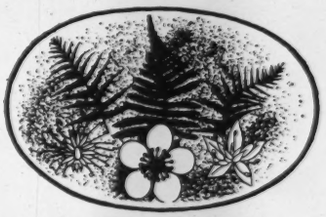
FABLES—by Jacquetta Hawkes—pp. 164—*Ambassador*—$3.00.

A kind of despairing humor, a broad perspective and passages of lyric beauty are characteristic of the work of this author who gives us seventeen short-to-medium fictions about land, sea, animals and men, as well as one long one. Being an archaeologist, she is aware of the mortality of civilizations, and her long allegory is an 80-page nightmare about the Unites, a race of vacant, spiritless creatures who have inherited the earth, living in a society where "without privilege . . . excellence was lost." Not a new idea, but demonstrated ad nauseam.

Some of the short fables are delightfully imaginative and enriched with fascinating details of bird and insect life; but a reader looking for the universal truth traditional to this literary form often finds only obscurity decked out in over-blown prose. Perhaps Mrs. Hawkes is afraid someone may say: "Pardon me, madam, your moral is showing."

R.M.T.

planting petunias or privets



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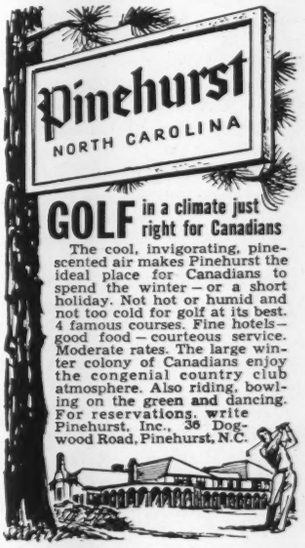
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The Passing Show

Tin Pan Tantrums

TIN PAN ALLEY, the assembly-line for turning out popular songs, is Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves in modern clothes. Ali Baba represents the classical muse; the Forty Thieves — an underestimate of their man-power — are the tune-hookers or bar-lifters who scan music for which the copyright has expired and purloin themes, or phrases to convert or pervert into tunes that meet the commercial test of easy whistling.

Enough examples could be found to fill a metropolitan telephone book. Such burglary from literature is called plagiarism; filched from a standard musical opus it is "finders keepers."

George M. Cohan easily led the old-school Alleyites during his sparkling career. *Give My Regards to Broadway*, *Mary* (his favorite) and other patriotic tunes of his have top rating yet in ASCAP ratings. (ASCAP is the American Society of Composers and Authors that watches for careless infringement of copyright by bands and disc-jockeys and collects the royalties due to members from all public performances of their works. Every time such a tune is played anywhere in public, tribute must be paid. Class A rank in ASCAP means at least $15,000 annually.)

George Cohan illustrated to me the fleeting genesis of a hit. When the U.S. entered World War I, there was a tumult on Broadway. He heard bugles. Within an hour he had shaped the bugle call into *Over There* — an inescapable tune during two wars to anybody unable to detach his hearing-aids.

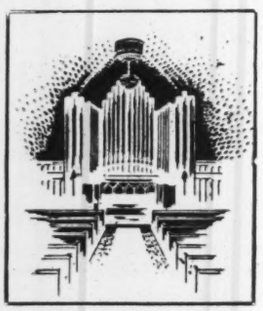
Cohan told me how, on the noon he sketched this bugle call, he met Victor Herbert in the lobby of a building. Cohan tugged Herbert to one side—quite a feat in itself, for Cohan weighed 121, Herbert 245. Cohan sang *Over There* to Herbert. Herbert grunted — an accolade from him. "When," he inquired in his guttural Irish-German brogue, "did you do this?" "Just now," smiled Cohan. "What day is today?" asked Herbert. "Tuesday," said Cohan. "Good," said Herbert, "somebody else would have written it Wednesday."

Physically Tin-Pan Alley has been transformed from a rookery in a sea of pandemonium to a skycraper. From its windows pours an avalanche of dissonance as if demons were clanging sound effects for Dante's *Inferno*. Into the building swarm young men in the Tin Pan Alley uniform—wide-skirted coats, T-shirts, led by long cigars. Most of them carry two documents — their newest ballad and a bailiff's notice. Following them come crooners and torch-singers with bumper brassières.

The busiest guy in this temple of trash is the sign-painter. The upper halves of the glass-doors in this honeycomb of suites are opaque with names that are here today and gone before dawn. Pianos outblare riveting machines; song-pluggers, a tribe of top-noteless tenors, bawl torment from twenty-five floors; record-players set up a barrage of cacophonous chaos. You could call this the Tower of Babel if you couldn't think of anything worse.

There are now so many avenues of assault on the public ear that the life expectancy of hits has been reduced to weeks where formerly they endured for years. The pressure to produce them is maddening; more than three hundred songs daily are jammed through Tin Pan Alley's hopper. Mathematically, one out of a thousand may make the Hit Parade.

JOHN B. KENNEDY



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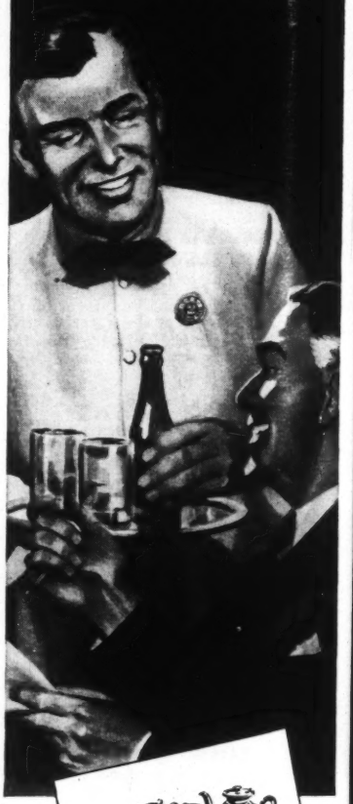

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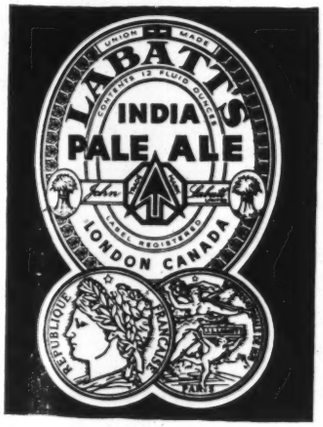

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Sports

The Lone Plainsman

WINNIPEG: Out here where the handclasp's a little stronger, podner, rugby football isn't a game—it's a state of mind. The populace succumbs to mass hysteria early in September and continues to live on benzedrine tablets and wild hopes until sobered by the *dénouement* of the Grey Cup Final on the last Saturday of November.

A visitor from Twickenham or Lords would doubt his own sanity if he were suddenly dumped on the Prairies and permitted to witness this autumnal emotional binge. Your correspondent has a very close friend who is on the shady side of 40, and who is eminently successful, intelligent and sophisticated. Nonetheless, this same friend suffers from paralyzing stomach convulsions whenever the Edmonton Eskimos score a touchdown against his beloved Winnipeg Blue Bombers and, after a particularly crushing defeat, he has been known to take to his bed for days, permitting his business to go all to hell.

One thing about it, a football coach can be sure of plenty of assistance out here. He can count upon the gratuitous and profane counsel of 350,000 advisors on any given Monday morning, particularly after his team has been beaten. It is a wise coach who purchases a return-ticket when he accepts a master-minding assignment in a Western Canadian city.

Take the case of Gentle George Trafton, a shy fellow who coaches the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. (At least he was coaching the Bombers when I wrote this piece.) Gentle George, who speaks in claps of thunder and who employs all the diplomacy of a starving grizzly bear, has found the assistance of his 350,000 quarterbacks rather over-powering this season. If he were a less durable character, he would have throttled himself with his own whistle lanyard on the ides of October.

Your correspondent arrived in Winnipeg on the afternoon of October 28, just a few hours before Gentle George's Bombers met the Saskatchewan Roughriders in the first game of the Western Canada semi-finals.

On the way to the Portage Avenue tea shoppe, the hack-driver informed me that the Bombers were good enough to win the Grey Cup if the executive only would fire dear old Georgie. Judging from his accent, the hack-driver had been over from Minsk for about three months. The waitress who took my order told me that the manner in which Georgie had been maltreating his frail athletes was reminiscent of Cap'n Bligh. From the tone of conversation about me, I gathered that the coach was suspected of keel-hauling his quarterbacks and hanging them from the yard-arm every second day. The liquor vendor told me that the Bombers had signed

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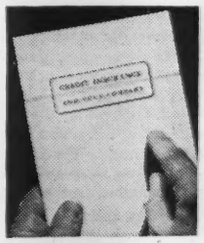

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a petition demanding Trafton's resignation. A hotel bell-boy volunteered the information that the Bombers had been throwing games so that they could be rid of Trafton. A radio announcer told me that some anonymous well-wisher had been sending Trafton packets of rat poison during the season.

At 10:30 p.m. on October 28, the scoreboard in Winnipeg's beautiful new municipal stadium brightly flashed these figures: "Winnipeg 43, Saskatchewan 5."

Peace—it's wonderful!

By the next morning, the massive intellect of Coach George Trafton was being re-assessed by his 350,000 quarterbacks. Ah, George was a wily old man. George had been guilty of deceiving the other teams in scandalous fashion throughout the regularly scheduled games. George had stressed a forward-passing attack through September and October, only to switch to a deceptive running-attack in the moment of crisis.

And hadn't George been smart to wait until the third year of his three-season contract before making an earnest attempt to win the Grey Cup? After all, didn't wily old George know what had happened to the coaches who had won the three previous Western Canada championships?

In case you have forgotten, I will enlighten you:

In 1950, Frank Larsen came to Winnipeg to take over a Blue Bomber team which had finished in last place the previous season. Larsen's club finished in first place, won the Western Canada play-offs in easy fashion and then lost in the Grey Cup finals.

Larsen was fired.

In 1951, Harry Smith came to Regina to take over the Roughriders who hadn't reached the Western play-offs the previous year. Smith took the Roughriders to the Grey Cup finals where they lost to Ottawa.

Smith was fired.

In 1952, Frank Filchok accepted the job of coaching Edmonton Eskimos. The Eskimos finished second and met the third-place Calgary Stampeders in a two-game play-off series. Filchok was fired, unofficially, by the outraged citizens of Edmonton when Eskimos lost the first game by 19 points. Three nights later, the Eskimos came back, erased the 19-point lead and eliminated the Stampeders. Filchok was re-hired by his admirers as a master-strategist.

Edmonton met Winnipeg in Western finals and lost the first game under humiliating circumstances. Filchok began to pack his bags and made arrangements to break his Edmonton lease. The Eskimos went to Winnipeg, won the second two games of the series and the Western Canada championship. Filchok was named "Coach of the Year" and, with a light heart, prepared his hirelings for the Grey Cup final.

The Eskimos blew the Grey Cup final to the Toronto Argonauts.

This time, Filchok *was* fired—officially by the executive of the Edmonton rugby football club.

The singularly Machiavellian strategy of George Trafton readily becomes apparent when this three-year record is examined.

Wily old George reasoned that he would be foolish to win the Grey Cup in his first year of coaching. Logically, too, he would be silly to win the Grey Cup in his second year. Very simply, he planned to have two losing teams and then come up with the crusher in the final year of his three-season contract.

By the time that you read this, the die will have been cast, but don't be surprised if George and his Blue Bombers appear in the University of Toronto Stadium on the afternoon of Saturday, November 28.

Gentle George, the sensitive strategist from the Chicago tenderloin, has told me confidentially that he plans to win the Grey Cup this month and then he will run for Mayor of Winnipeg in 1954.

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Business

The Chemical Industry And The Consumer

By H. GREVILLE SMITH

WHEN ASCRIBING modern living standards to the use of technology, it is usual to stress the part played by engineering; for the industrial revolution followed the invention of the steam engine and the output of goods has since increased at about the same rate as the adoption of power devices. Less easily recognized has been the role of other applied sciences —notably chemistry — in providing many of the materials and processes which are used to produce consumer goods.

For example, it is not commonly known that when the use of power had its first major application in the textile industry of Lancashire, it was necessary to set up a chemical industry beside it. In earlier hand-loom weaving days, cotton and linen fabrics had been softened and whitened by a long and relatively costly process which consisted of scouring with an alkaline extract of plant ashes, neutralizing with sour milk and bleaching in the sunlight.

These natural agencies were inadequate for the rapid and efficient scouring and bleaching of mass-produced fabrics to meet the standards of quality to which the consumer had become accustomed. The manufacture of bleaching chemicals had therefore to be established on a factory basis, and in this way the production of industrial chemicals began in Britain. Once established, the industry played an important part in the growth of primary and secondary manufacturing activities, both there and throughout the world.

The direction taken by industrial production has continued to be influenced by consumer acceptance of its products. By the free expression of their needs or by their preference for certain goods, consumers have decided how productive effort should be channelled and what retail merchandise should be produced. As man-hour productivity has increased and the margin of purchasing power over basic needs has widened, the consumers have come to look for greater diversity, utility, comfort, safety and convenience in the goods they have bought.

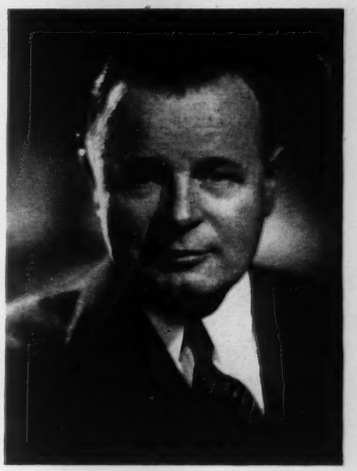
The effect on industry has been two-fold. In the first place, higher productivity itself has called for new and larger supplies of raw materials and, in turn, has required new methods of processing natural products and sometimes entirely new commodities unknown in nature. In the second place, either the consumer has demanded qualities in the finished products which could not be provided by the application of known engineering methods to existing materials, or the enterprising producer has introduced better qualities into an existing product and so reaped the reward of public acceptance.

These are factors in industry which have brought into play chemical research and the products of chemical industry since the earliest days of the industrial revolution. For whereas the physical processes of engineering are limited to the use of naturally occurring materials, chemical methods are able to convert these to entirely new types of matter with properties which both facilitate production and enhance the appeal to the consumer.

Many examples may be quoted to show how the chemical industry played its part in the raising of living standards during the last 150 years. Some of the most important contributions have been in transportation, primary industry, construction and agriculture. The building of railroads and power projects and the vast expansion of the mining industry were made possible by the discovery of nitro-glycerine and its use in dynamite. Without dynamite, hard rock tunnelling would not have been possible. The invention of chemical and electro-chemical processes for the extraction, recovery and refining of metals furnished the structural and power transmission materials of the machine age.

The growth of literacy and the propagation of knowledge in the last hundred years have stemmed directly from the fact that chemically purified and bleached woodpulp freed paper manufacture from its dependence on linen rags for its raw material supplies. Plant food made from rocks, natural gas or coal has corrected declining soil fertility and helped the world's expanding population to be better fed.

At the same time, chemical methods and materials have spread into secondary industries where the natural products, cotton, wool, silk, linen, animal skins, rubber, wood, metals, oils and fats, are processed. Often without understanding the chemical origin of the improvements, the public came to know that cotton had greater strength when mercerized; that fabrics, paints and printing inks were brighter and more varied when they were colored with coal-tar dyes and pigments instead of mineral and plant-extracts; that iron lasted longer when galvanized, plated or enamelled; that leather was more waterproof when chrome-tanned, and rubber was more age-resistant when vulcanized; and that soap, glass, paper, rayon, drugs and other everyday commodities steadily became better and more plentiful.



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H. GREVILLE SMITH, CBE,
President, Canadian Industries Limited

In the space of 50 years from the founding of the chemical industry, the widespread use of the most important of its products led Disraeli to say: "There is no better barometer to show the state of an industrial nation than the figure representing the consumption of sulphuric acid per head of population." While the chemical industry had thus gained official recognition, it is unlikely that this statement was popularly understood at the time. Indeed, to a large extent, it is not understood today, for although the annual production of sulphuric acid in Canada stands at about one hundred pounds per head of population, its uses are not commonly known. Neither has public appreciation of the role of chemistry been greatly bettered as the uses of synthetics have multiplied.

Probably few persons could name many of the 250 or more products besides sulphuric acid which enter, directly or indirectly, into the manufacture and servicing of an automobile. It is appropriate to refer in detail to the automobile because it typifies the anonymous way in which applied chemistry has helped industry to overcome some of its supply and performance problems. Thus, when the production line system was developed for making cars, output continued to be restricted by the slow drying-rate of enamels based on natural oils and resins. Fast-drying chemically-based enamels were invented and these greatly increased the speed of production and so helped to lower the cost and selling price of cars. Later, higher-compression ratios in car engines required fuel with anti-knock

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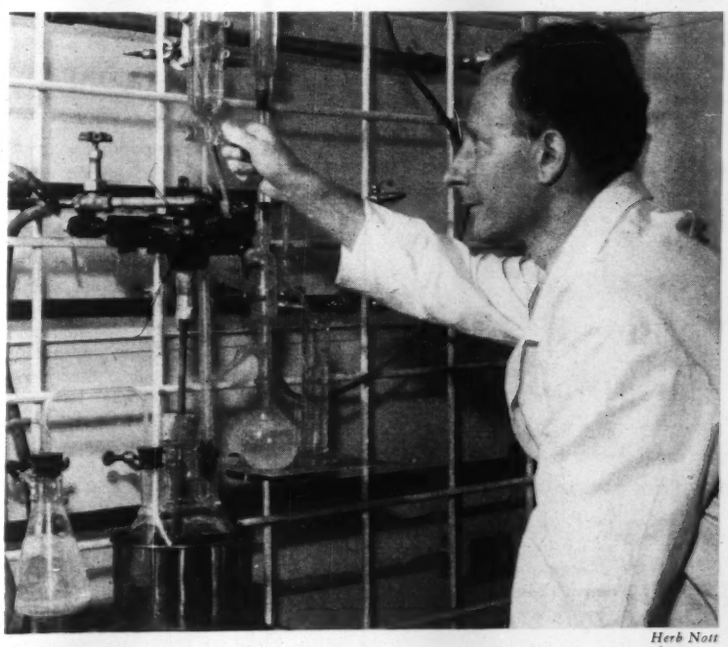

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

Gold & Dross

Sheep Creek Mines

PLEASE APPRAISE *Sheep Creek Gold Mines stock. I have a few thousand shares and their recent drop in value has me puzzled. Should I sell or hold?—J. T. B., Sarnia.*

As a base metal producer, the outlook for Sheep Creek depends considerably on an improvement in the market prices for lead and zinc. At the present time a substantial improvement in these markets seems rather remote, due to the surplus of base metals on the world's markets, and the slackening demands of industry.

The drastic declines in metal prices forced the suspension of operations at the Paradise Unit in February of this year, leaving only the Zincton Unit in operation, until July, when it was shut down. The balance sheet, showing the results of the year ending May 31, reflected the causes of the shutdown in the shift from a 1952 profit of $351,254 to a loss of $107,-972.

Development work on the Mineral King property has continued and 325,000 tons of ore, grading 1.4 ounces of silver, 2.1 per cent lead and 5.2 per cent zinc have been outlined. When it is brought into production, this mine will be tax exempt for three years. A 400-ton per day concentrator is planned with production expected to begin early next year.

As it may be necessary for the company to negotiate a bank loan of about $50,000 to accomplish this, it is evident that a resumption of dividends is quite remote even though a profitable production level is attained. Thus with little in the way of news to stimulate market interest in the stock in sight for some time, it seems advisable to take a loss now with a view to repurchasing later at a lower price.

Kroy Oil

I HAVE BEEN *watching the market action of Kroy Oil for quite some time. I would like your opinion if it would be a fair speculation at 1.15.—H. S. K., Calgary.*

One of the more promising junior oils with sufficient production income (now running around $39,000 per month) to continue exploration and development work, Kroy appears to be in a buying range near that price.

When this stock was last reviewed, May 2, 1953, it was estimated that the line of approximate value lay at the $1 mark. After breaking the support level of 1.50-1.70 the stock was carried down to this mark in the general sell-off of last September. Turning at 1.00, it staged a recovery to 1.39 and then receded to 1.18. From this action it appears that a good demand for the stock exists whenever price concessions are offered.

Conversely, the heavy supply of stock laid down in the 1.50-2.00 trading range over the past year will now limit upward movements until a considerable expansion of oil reserves and production income lifts the line of value.

The most recent reports from the company indicate that natural gas reserves are being expanded considerably in the Kessler area, where Kroy has interests ranging from 12½ per cent to 18 per cent in 40,000 acres. Should the long-delayed decisions on the gas pipeline applications now under consideration in Washington, Edmonton and Ottawa appear, Kroy should be favourably affected.

Thus this stock appears quite attractive near 1.00 for a short term trade with a limited objective of 1.45-150.

Dalo Oil

WOULD YOU *kindly give me your opinion of Dalo Oil Company Ltd.? I understand it has an interest in producing wells in the Lloydminster area. — D. A. McK., Esterhazy, Sask.*

Dalo is a very small company which holds 480 acres at Lloydminster. Eight wells have been drilled on this property, four of which were in production at last report. Dalo has 100 per cent interest in two wells, 50 per cent interest in one well and 10 per cent interest in the remaining five.

As there is a limited market at present for the heavy type of oil found in the Lloydminster area, the prospects of such a small company do not seem attractive. Purchase is not recommended.

Pathfinder Pete

WHAT WOULD YOU *advise me to do with some Pathfinder Petroleums Ltd. 5 per cent "B" debentures?—E. H., Victoria, B.C.*

The balance sheet, dated April 30, 1953, is perhaps the best means of judging the position of this small oil company. It shows the receipts from the sale of the 300,000 shares of common stock that were offered to the public last July, and so gives a fair picture of the company's present standing.

Examination of the balance sheet discloses the following factors: from March 1, 1952 to April 30, 1953 net production income amounted to $2,-657. Expenses totalled $232,873 of which $101,464 was accounted for by lease rental payments. This operating deficit of $232,873, when viewed against the very small amount of production revenue, offers considerable grounds for concern. Just what production revenue will be during this fiscal year is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but from the present rates of western oil production it is assumed that it will not be too substantial.

Now that the oil boom has sup-

sided into a cold re-assessment of the production stage, it is apparent that production and markets are more important than ever. For the small companies, the ability to obtain revenue will be the deciding factor in whether they can survive or not. At the present rates of allowable production the effect of new production being brought in by the larger companies will be to shrink the output of all wells, until larger markets are available for western crudes. This will press much more heavily on the small companies.

Pathfinder's production income is far below the cost of the debenture interest alone, which stands at $19,500 for the same period. This raises the question of how long a small company can survive while paying out far more than it is taking in, unless repeated injections of new capital can be made by the issuance of stock.

All factors considered, the sale of these securities must be recommended. The present quotation of 65-75 indicates the market appraisal of the outlook for this company. The lack of response to the recent upswing in the oils provides little grounds for optimism at this time.

Beaver Lodge Uranium

PLEASE ADVISE *whether I should sell or hold shares in Beaver Lodge Uranium Mines, purchased at $1.00.—S. J. B., Taber, Alberta.*

This company holds a group of claims approximately a mile and a half from the Ace shaft of Eldorado Mines. Direction of the exploration work and the financing of the company is under the control of Frobisher Ltd.

Reports on the diamond drilling have so far failed to indicate the existence of a commercial ore body, at the Bar 5-9 group. Drill core values from the last set of holes have averaged 0.11 per cent uranium oxide from a radio-active zone that ranges up to 34 feet in thickness.

While the company is well financed, with over $400,000 in the treasury, the decision by Frobisher on the option instalment covering 25,000 shares at $1.25 due November 19, will provide a very significant clue as to the possibilities of this property. Should the option agreement be terminated, it would probably be wise to dispose of your holdings.

The great uranium boom, that started off with such fervor last January, must go down in history as one of the greatest disappointments of all time, as far as the speculating public is concerned. Only a tiny fraction of the companies appear to possess the possibilities of becoming commercial operations. Uranium seems to occur in the earth's crust about as commonly as clay but only rarely in large high grade deposits. Finds have been reported all over the world. The latest, according to an official release from the Brazilian Government, is a large deposit at Araxa which assays between 4 and 6 per cent of uranium, thorium and niobium.

If further large, high grade, discoveries of uranium ores are made, it will become very obvious that high cost, marginal producers will be forced to abandon their projects. After all, while atomic energy and the atom bomb may have an awesome sound, the mining and recovery of uranium ores is still just a problem in mining engineering and metallurgy. As such, operations will be governed by the stern economic rules that determine the success or failure of any mining venture whether it be gold, coal or zinc. The equation is simple: the cost must not exceed the selling price of the product.

Cathroy Larder

SOME YEARS AGO *I purchased a considerable amount of Cathroy Larder Gold Mines from a salesman who said, among a lot of other good things about it, that it would be listed on the Exchange. Since then I have been told that the mine was shut down for lack of funds. Could I recover any money from this company or is my case hopeless?—C. A., Picton, Ont.*

Cathroy Larder has been idle since 1949. From the financial position of the company, which is practically nil, it seems very unlikely that the mine will ever be active again, even under the most favorable conditions, without a very drastic reorganization of the share capital.

In view of these factors the company must be considered a failure. As there is no market for these shares at the present time there only remains the hope, a very faint one, that the company will be reorganized sometime in the future.

In Brief

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of United Asbestos at the present price of $3.10? Is it a buy? — W. M. T., Woodstock, Ont.*

Judging by recent market action, no.

WOULD YOU RECOMMEND *my selling Bralsaman Petroleums? I paid $2.85.—C. F. T., Dartmouth, N.S.*

With the stock now selling at $1.25, a switch into a larger company seems advisable.

WHAT WOULD YOU *advise me to do with some shares of York Oils?—G. A. S., Brantford, Ont.*

Sell or switch.

I BOUGHT *some Norzinc at 30 cents. What are the prospects? What do you advise?—M. L. A., Ottawa.*

Prospects are dim. Sell it, if you can.

I AM HOLDING *some Theresa Gold Mines stock. Should I keep it?—J. A. M., St. Sylvestre, Que.*

Yes.

SHOULD I SELL *or hold 200 shares of Ajax Petroleums bought at $1.64?—R. W. G., Lethbridge, Alberta.*

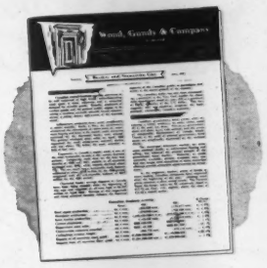
Hold.

WHAT DO *you think of the prospects of Osage Oil and Exploration Co.?—A. L. M., Aylmer, Ont.*

Just about zero.

W. P. SNEAD

"Easier Money" on the Bond Market?



The trend towards lower interest returns, termed "easier money", has been evident in London, England, for over a year. Recently there has been a corresponding development in United States.

Although some improvement has taken place in bond prices in Canada, a trend similar to that in England and United States s not yet fully in evidence.

This subject, of importance to every investor, is the editorial feature of our November Review and Securities List. The Review also contains an extensive list of Bonds, Debentures and Corporation Shares, with rates, maturities, prices and yields.

Upon request, and without obligation, we will gladly send you a copy, and also place your name on our mailing list to receive future copies of the Review. Please write or 'phone and—

Ask for "November Review and Securities List".

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THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED
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BELL TELETYPE

ANOTHER DEPENDABLE BELL SERVICE

Without leaving your office, you can visit *all* units of your organization—by BELL TELETYPE. This modern form of communication cuts down on tiresome travelling and costly meetings, for messages can be flashed back and forth between any or all machines, in the same town or from coast to coast. Plans, orders, requests, answers—all can be handled *in writing*, promptly, in single form or multi-copy.

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Moore

FERDINAND MARANI: From Romantic to Classical.

Who's Who in Business

BORN IN VANCOUVER as a child, Ferdinand Marani spent most of his spare time sketching ships as they passed in and out of the great harbor. By the time he went east to school, at St. Catharines, and thence to the University of Toronto, it was already settled that art, in one form or another, would be his career.

A grandfather decided things for him. "If you're going to stay in this part of the world," the young artist was told, "you'd better start drawing buildings; you won't see many ships."

Grey-haired Ferdinand Marani has been drawing buildings ever since and it is a measure of his success—and his firm's—that currently, in Toronto alone, five enormous insurance buildings under construction bear the sign, Marani & Morris, architects.

His career could almost be said to have begun in World War I when, as a member of the 3rd Battalion (Toronto Regiment) CEF, he practised enough drafting in off-duty moments to set up on his own after the Armistice. Designing summer cottages and homes kept him fairly busily occupied as satisfied customers recommended his work to friends.

Today he refers to this as his "romantic" period, architecturally speaking; photographs of some of his projects done at that time show pseudo-Tudor houses with half-timbered porches and other decorative frills. His current work, he explains, is more classical. He lives in a Georgian-style home—which he did not design.

In the mid 1920s, he was ready to go into partnership, and in 1929 the firm acquired the man who is still his partner, Robert Schofield Morris, a 55-year-old McGill graduate who had worked for a while in New York. An earlier partner, J. E. Paisley, left after some disagreement about the firm's commission to design Toronto's $1 million Medical Arts Building. He felt that the firm's design would not bring them credit—a decision that was proved wrong not only by the doctors' (and the public's) acceptance of the completed building, but by the subsequent commission to design a similar building in Hamilton.

By the time World War II began, Marani & Morris had some impressive achievements behind them, including the Bank of Canada's head office building in Ottawa, Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown, PEI, and the North American Life building in Toronto. Later came the CNE grandstand and the Bell Telephone building at Brantford.

It was to be expected that the Armed Services would make profitable use of such talent, and although Mr. Marani had spent part of his spare time in the '30s commanding the Toronto Regiment, he responded to a request to transfer his allegiance, and during much of World War II designed special buildings for the RCAF. Promoted to Group Captain in 1942, he was awarded the OBE in 1945 and returned to his Toronto practice in the same year. In 1947, he was elected to the Royal Canadian Academy.

That Group Captain Marani enjoyed his service life is clear from the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Advertising

The Human Touch Pays Off

RECENT YEARS have seen a revolution in Canadian bank advertising. The once familiar business-card-shingle type of ad, listing assets and directorate is now rarely seen. The change came slowly. Following somewhat timid dipping of banking toes in the waters of publicity, the plunge was taken. Today, practically all Canadian bank advertising copy has lost its old stiffness; it has acquired warmth, homely appeal and humor.

Slogans have been coined to arrest the attention of the man in the street. The Imperial Bank is "The Bank that Service Built." The Bank of Nova Scotia is "Your Partner in Helping Canada Grow." The Bank of Montreal is "'My Bank' to a million Canadians," with the slogan actually designed as a trade mark. The Bank of Toronto stands for "Business Banking from Coast to Coast" and urges you to "Get to know your manager."

Canadian banks have awakened to the fact that their customers and prospects are people and they are determined the compliment shall be returned if advertising can make it possible. The ivory towers are tumbling down and banks are making praiseworthy efforts to correct the impression that each one is "a little garden walled around of sacred and peculiar ground." It would be incorrect to attribute the fact entirely to consumer advertising, but savings deposits in Canada's banks today are at an all-time high.

Other financial corporations and brokerage houses are following suit. National Trust Company is running a series of ads with much of the space devoted to humorous cartoons, each featuring a service by the company. A recent ad by Crown Trust Company, also one of a series, presented a case history telling how a $25,000 estate was administered. "It's our business to provide purchasing power," is the caption used, over a pleasant domestic scene, by Industrial Acceptance Corporation. As a result of the service, the copy states, "Families eat more, dealers sell more, manufacturers produce more. . . Living is better."

Several large brokerage houses in metropolitan centres have been holding meetings to explain to would-be investors the process of investing in bonds and stocks. Their advertising follows up this theme. The get-togethers have been well attended and have done a great deal to help men and women distinguish between investment and speculation. The policy is an admirable co-ordination of advertising and public relations. Requests for literature and advice indicate that the advertising is being read by those to whom it is addressed.

Newspapers eagerly seize on any announcement by executives of food chain stores that newspapers are their best advertising medium. The purring with which such statements are reported prominently in the daily press suggests that all other media are small potatoes and that "*We* are the people."

Any food retailer must concentrate on newspapers for his advertising to weekly shoppers, but big food store advertising to the consumer in newspapers is supplementary to extensive brand advertising done by food processors in many media. Food chain stores could not exist without the frequent turnover of thousands of kinds of nationally advertised goods. Their shelves are loaded with merchandise for which national advertising has created a wide and steady demand.

Weekly retail food ads in newspapers are a link in the chain but not the whole chain. As many as 15 to 40 nationally branded lines of foods and other merchandise are to be seen listed in retail food ads which are a feature of newspapers, generally every Thursday, in large centres. Because of the wide publicity given these items in a variety of media, all the retail store need do is mention the brand name—and the price.

Fears that this Summer's searing heat would adversely affect the tomato crop are not reflected in advertising released by several Canadian packers. "Just in . . . fresh from the field . . . this year's crop at your grocer's today," announced Libby's "gentle press" tomato juice. "Back again—V8 vegetable juice" introduced the new pack of that product by Campbell's Soups. In considerably smaller space, Aylmer tomato catsup got in a good sales talk on that relish "Born of Sunshine for Richer Flavor."

Canadian paint manufacturers have been among the most aggressive and consistent advertisers of recent years. This year has been no exception and expenditures on paint advertising in 1954 will assume record proportions

It may be another of those coincidences, but the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa reports that sales of paints, varnishes and lacquers by Canadian manufacturers last July topped sales in the same month last year by $1,114,038. Sales in the first seven months of 1953 totalled $69,774,639 compared with $63,985,917 for the same period a year earlier.

JOHN CARLTON

•

. . . Competitors in the world plowing match, two representing each country, practised again today as they waited for the big event to start Thursday. "Are the Canadians the men from Mars?" asked one New York newsman to end the "flying saucer" discussion. Atom-powered aircraft are on the way, admitted Sir rank.—*Toronto Star.*

But can they plow a straight furrow?

Who's Who in Business

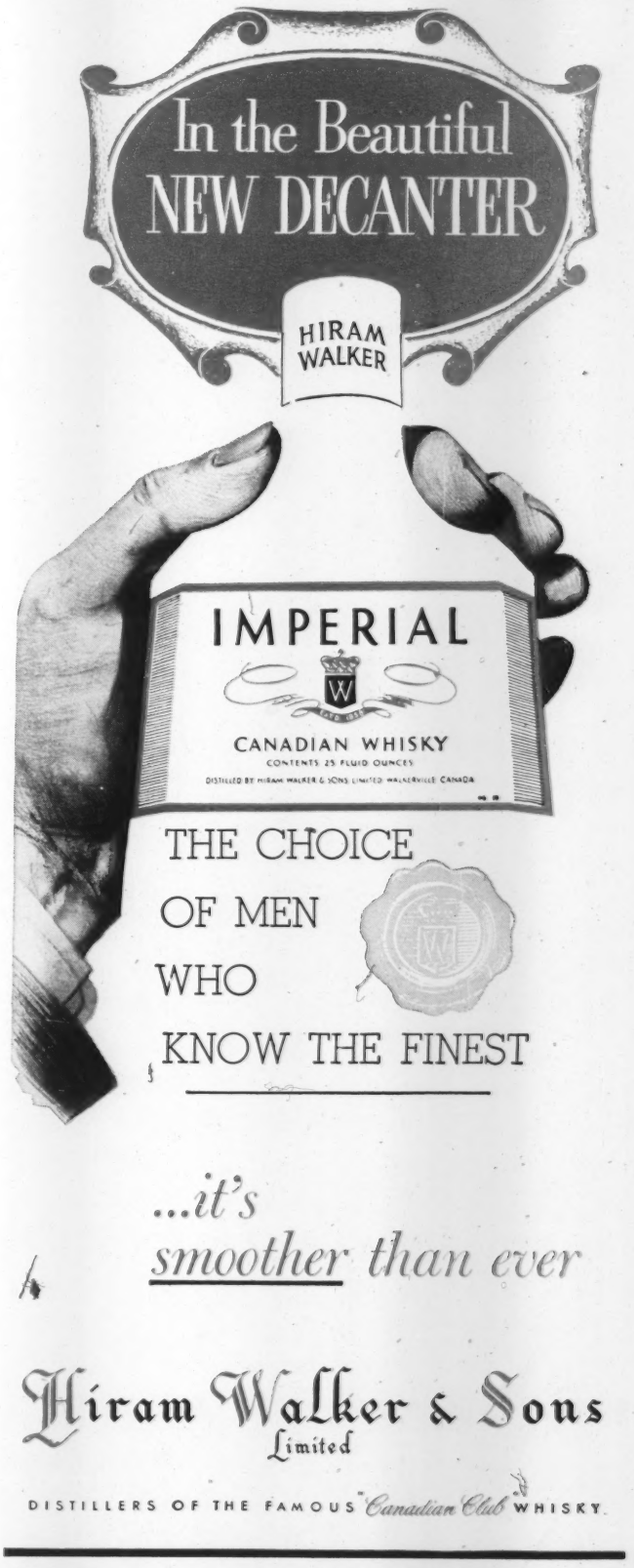
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

numerous group pictures of RCAF friends and acquaintances that cover the walls of his Bay Street office. In most of the photographs the short, almost dapper architect has the air of a man who can only spare a moment and this is also the impression he gives casual visitors. He talks to them jerkily, all the while doodling on a loose-leaf desk pad, each page of which is printed with his name.

Away from his office, he likes to sail and fish, usually does a little of both on his winter vacation in the United States. Last year he came through Washington, on his way back, to discuss a new addition to the Canadian Embassy there, which his firm has been chosen to design.

His two children—Peter (19) and Elizabeth (20)—are both interested in architecture, but have chosen mechanical engineering and archaeology, respectively, as their own vocations.

JOHN WILCOCK



Only the

Sunbeam

toasts with RADIANT CONTROL

Automatic Beyond Belief!

All you do is drop in the bread
Bread lowers itself automatically,
no levers to push
Toast raises itself silently,
without popping or banging

Give Sunbeam and you give the finest

ONLY the Sunbeam gives you BOTH of these great advantages—

- RADIANT CONTROL that "adjusts itself" automatically to every kind of bread, rye or white, moist or dry. You can even reheat a piece of toast without burning.
- COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC OPERATION. Bread lowers itself automatically without a motor — no levers to push. Toast raises itself silently without springs — no popping or banging.

Only Sunbeam has patented **RADIANT CONTROL** The toasting is always the same no matter what kind of bread you use.

You can take slices directly from the refrigerator and Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL will toast them a little longer than if they are from the breadbox. If the slices are thin it toasts them quicker than thicker slices. Get the toaster that gives you COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC operation and in addition RADIANT CONTROL that regulates the *toasting automatically*, depending on the bread. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 9, CANADA

Famous for Sunbeam

Insurance

Surety Serves Construction

WHEN ONE VIEWS the unprecedented volume of construction work in Canada in these times, the part played by the surety underwriters in the planning, bidding, awarding, and performance of construction contracts through the medium of surety bonds is of particular significance in its service to our economic affairs.

A Contract Bond is not insurance in any sense of the word. It is suretyship and as such is as vital to contractors as bank credit. It can take the place of a certified cheque; it obviates the necessity for tying up collateral and enables a contractor to keep his funds liquid. It is, in brief, a conditional promissory note.

There are few standard forms for contract bonds. In most cases the individual underwriter is given full scope, for they vary with the conditions of the construction contract, plans, and specifications. It is the provisions of the construction contract which decide the protection an owner receives from a contract bond. What is not in the contract is, *ipso facto*, not in the bond. It follows, therefore, that in the preparation of the contract the contractual obligations of both owner and contractor should be carefully set forth. If this is done the expense and inconvenience of litigation or arbitration, which might otherwise become necessary, can be avoided.

There are three particular circumstances which should be carefully outlined in every construction contract. The first of these is Default. How shall it be determined? What notice should be given to the contractor and what time allowed for remedial action? What procedure should be followed by the owner and what provisions made for reimbursement, indemnification of the owner for all costs, losses, damages, and liability suffered by reason of default of performance?

The second circumstance concerns such changes as may be made in the terms of the contract and in the nature and extent of the work. It is almost inevitable that there will be adjustments and modifications in practically every construction contract for good and valid reasons. Care should be exercised by the owner to ensure that the Surety is bound to these conditions through the provisions of the contract.

The third circumstance which must be considered is the possibility of Mechanics Liens and encumbrances through the provisions of the contract. It should be borne in mind that claims may be filed against the property or owner, even if only as an embarrassment to the contractor.

When a contract bond is being prepared, however, considerable care should be exercised to avoid the imposition of burdensome restrictions. It is also advisable that general contractors exercise caution in accepting bonds on sub-contracts.

The two types of bonds in general use in Canada by the construction industry are Bid Bonds and Performance Bonds. The Bid Bond, which should amount to ten per cent of the bid price, guarantees that the contractor will meet the contract forms and furnish a Performance Bond as required if his bid is accepted.

The Performance Bond guarantees performance of the contract and provides for indemnity against default. The premium for this is "the true measure of the surety risk," and that, of course, is the contract price. The amount of the Performance Bond varies. It should not be written for less than 50 per cent of the Contract Price. A much higher ratio is advisable, and Bonds are frequently written for 100 per cent of the contract price. In the 100 per cent bonds written for certain Ontario government departments, comprehensive guarantees are included for payment of materials and workmanship.

Maintenance bonds are sometimes required for a stated period but where the contract clearly states the guarantee and is secured by a Performance Bond which applies to the maintenance guarantees, such a bond is not generally necessary unless it is desired to concentrate the liability in a specific obligation beyond the provisions of the contract.

The flexible nature of contract bonds makes it possible to provide suretyship protection to meet any need and is subject only to financial ability for qualification. To contractors this means the real and tangible advantage of being able to bid up to full strength by knowing exactly how much they can be bonded for.

The part played by the surety underwriter in the construction field is important, not only from the viewpoint of the service rendered but in the matter of the maintenance of good standards. The recent experience of the Federal Government, when a contractor on a government project failed to satisfy claims made by subcontractors and they in turn sought redress from the government of Canada, is a good case in point. It indicates the need for serious consideration being given to proper compulsory bonding of all government contracts for construction, if only to ensure that no citizen of Canada or any other country shall suffer loss or deprivation in this way.

WILLIAM SCLATER

•

The licence of the Rideau Tavern has been suspended for two weeks for double servings and poor supervision, the Liquor Licence Board announced today . . . Licence of the Alpine Hotel, Stoney Creek, was suspended indefinitely for keeping the premises up to standards.—*Toronto Telegram.*

It *would* be a bit of a shock.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

properties which were not possible with existing gasoline—and tetra-ethyl lead fluid was invented. When natural rubber was cut off by the war, the synthetic product took its place.

Synthetic rubber was only one of a number of so-called "high polymers" which came out of industrial research laboratories during the depression years to play a timely and indispensable part in the war effort. Nylon had barely come into production when silk supplies became exhausted; polyethylene plastic was produced just in time to be used in radar. These and many other synthetic products won their place during the war and have since become established in peacetime markets.

All the signs now point to the fact that the invention of new techniques has created a revolution in the chemical industry in the twentieth century. Chemicals are no longer confined to ingredients and processing agents which lose their identity in making such commodities as textiles, leather, paper and soap; today the end products of the industry are reaching the consumer in such tangible forms as synthetic fibres and fabrics, rubber tires, plastic mouldings, transparent films, plastic sheets and coated fabrics, and protective enamels and paints.

It may be taken as a measure of the accelerated rate of acceptance accorded these products in peacetime uses that the production volume of the chemical industry, supplemented by these new basic commodities, has grown since the war by nearly ten per cent annually.

The chemical industry in Canada is already well advanced in the production of these new synthetics. The discovery of oil and natural gas in Alberta has brought in its train large plants for plastic and fibre manufacture, to use petroleum gases and liquids as raw materials. In eastern Canada, great factories to make synthetic fibres, synthetic rubber and synthetic resins now derive their raw material supplies from petroleum refineries.

In recent years, in the chemical industry in Canada, new capital investment in relation to existing investment has exceeded that of any other industrial group.

As viewed by industry, the prospects look both bright and challenging. However, it must not be overlooked that the chemicals' producer faces a more complex merchandising problem than when he was making and selling only heavy chemicals. The producer's responsibility no longer ends with the sale to a process industry of chemicals made to a specification fixed by chemical analysis, but is involved also with the affairs of the convertor, the distributor and the consumer. He is now required to supply technical service to the convertor who spins, blends, weaves, moulds, extrudes, coats or otherwise physically modifies his products. He must often supply merchandising services to other segments of the industry, including retail stores, to help ensure that the best application is made of synthetic materials.

STOP! HERE'S THE SOLUTION FOR HER HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS

No need go through that "last minute nightmare"—start her on a set of Wallace Sterling. A few pieces at Christmas—other pieces on birthdays, anniversaries—and she'll have a table service to be proud of forever!

AT BETTER JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE

WALLACE STERLING

THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1953, payable January 2, 1954 to shareholders of record, December 2, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 26, 1953.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

EXECUTIVES of any company engaged in activities relating to the development of this country's natural resources will find us especially interested in discussing future corporate requirements.

NESBITT, THOMSON AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office: 355 St. James Street West, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL QUEBEC TORONTO OTTAWA HAMILTON LONDON, ONT. KITCHENER WINNIPEG REGINA CALGARY EDMONTON LETHBRIDGE VANCOUVER VICTORIA SAINT JOHN, N.B. FREDERICTON

626A

DAVIS LEATHER COMPANY LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable December 1, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on November 14, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

KENNETH C. BENNINGTON,
Secretary.

Newmarket, Ontario,
October 28, 1953.

EATON'S

For
An
Enchanted
Evening

... a faery film of splendour,
the silvery Princess gown goes
to the Ball . . . from a collection
of magnificent fashions for
evening currently at Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

The First Sex

MORE THAN TWO thousand years ago the ancient Saxons had a word for "Woman" and it was "C-W-E-N", pronounced as our word "queen". Coronation Year seems to be a good time to rediscover the fact that every woman is a "queen".

Today, over 50 per cent of people are women! But the percentage of interest in, articles about and controversy over the female of the species is even greater. Proof of this is to be found in the great deluge of articles of the "How to" variety . . . all written by men: "How to Manage a Woman", "How to Understand Women", "How to Get Along With Women", etc. One can only assume that the realization that men are fast becoming a minority group has them worried. Either they are trying to talk themselves out of it or— trying to talk us into it.

The importance of women in Canada's economy is increasing with each year. Our earnings are up. Nearly one-fifth of all life insurance in force is owned by women. An increasing number of women hold stock in Canada's industries and businesses, as, for example, in Simpson's Limited where well over 50 per cent of the stock is in the hands of women. We're financially important.

We're better drivers than men. A recent transcontinental safety check of the U.S. highways showed men way out in front in violations of 20 highway offences. Of the 2,061 violations observed, 1,821 were by men drivers and only 240 by women, which is far out of proportion to the national ratio of 7 men drivers for every 3 women behind the wheel.

Let's face what men say is our biggest fault. We are credited with being too *personal* about things. But isn't that what makes us more human? We admit we live by our emotions. We shed the world's tears—we do its laughing, too. It's true we read the gossip columns and even listen to soap operas; it's true we follow the lives and loves of celebrities. Men show their interest in history, trade, taxes and real estate; we show *ours* in people. To reach us as a group, advertising and selling must sometimes be emotional, too.

Women are better executives than they're given credit for. There are those who think women can't run a business—yet take a look around at some of the successful women in business. Yet the number of women who are Directors of Companies in Canada is pitifully small. Isn't it a real possibility that the day is rapidly approaching when women will say—"If I *own* it, why don't I help *run* it?"

It's a fact that men are always wishing they could understand women . . . all sorts of men with all sorts of purposes in mind, keep wishing they could understand women. They insist that female psychology is baffling, bewildering and bemusing. They say what we *mean* isn't what we *say*, and what we *say* isn't what we *mean to* and what we *do*, isn't what we *planned*. Don't you believe it. Ours is a system that works—let's call it feminine logic.

CECILIA LONG

Saturday Night

Women

Ashley & Crippen

A TYPICAL SCENE *of early Christmas shopping, photographed in Lindsay Studios, Toronto. With this issue we start, on page 39, a pre-Christmas weekly feature of gift suggestions, for your help and interest.*

Conversation Pieces:

ON THE opening night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in Toronto, Lilli Palmer, who was playing the Sleeping Beauty at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Ustinov's *The Love of Four Colonels,* was able to change from the seductive costume she wears in the last scene and get to Maple Leaf Gardens in time to see Margot Fonteyn dance the title role in the ballet devised from the old fairy tale. Miss Palmer, accompanied by her husband, Rex Harrison (who looks even taller but considerably less diabolic off stage than on), was wearing a black faille suit with jet beading outlining the collar and pockets and was carrying a dark mink jacket.

Canadians with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company now on its North American tour: Jean Gilbert, of Calgary, accompanist, now making her third tour with SW; Arnott Mader, of Kitchener, who dances the mime role of Von Rothbart in "Swan Lake", on his second tour; and Antony Manning, of Hamilton, doing his first tour, and dancing the role of the gentleman cat in the Puss-in-Boots *divertissement* from the "Sleeping Beauty".

Cecilia Long, whose observations on The First Sex appear on page 36, is an account executive at Ronalds Advertising Agency in Toronto. This is the first in a series of "guest columns" by well known women.

Under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. P. Lownsborough, the Women's Committee of the Art Gallery of Toronto is sponsoring the Gallery's annual sale of contemporary paintings this week.

Coming across smoked salmon on a tray of hors d'oeuvres can add tang to an occasion, but Lyn Harrington tells us it's a lot more fun to be in on the actual smoking of the fish. Lyn assisted an Indian woman in this operation when she and her husband, Richard, were at Telegraph Creek, Alaska, once famous as a gold-rush town and now for having the most northerly dude ranch on the continent. During an 11-week tour spent zig-zagging across the Prairies, driving to Prince Rupert, flying to Wrangell, Alaska, and then by river boat to Telegraph Creek, the Harringtons enjoyed only two weeks of sunshine—"and," says Lyn, "travelling with a photographer can make one very sunshine-conscious."

A fashion show that was a little different: 26 Norman Hartnell gowns were shown aboard a Greek liner, New York bound. Lime tones were much in evidence in this Hartnell collection, especially as used in embroidery and floral designs over white satin.

Elvira Manning, director of Junior Red Cross, Toronto, has been elected Governor of District 4 of Zonta International, which comprises clubs in both Canada and the U.S.

The Toni Company offers some advice on hair styling: the small girl with petite features can wear her hair shorter than a tall or plump girl; bangs help conceal a low hairline or a rounded forehead, but are not for round or square-jawed faces.

Weddings: Clarissa Barker, daughter of John B. Barker, of Newmarket, Ont., to Thomas Frederick Kingsmill, of London, Ont.; Claire Louise Corbett, daughter of William Norwood Corbett, of Toronto and formerly of Montreal, to Thomas Aird Hendry, Jr., of Toronto; Evelyn Edythe Stafford, a 1949 Vancouver Trafalgar Ball debutante and daughter of Harold East Stafford, of Sayward, Vancouver Island, to Clifford Bokstrom, son of Bertil Bokstrom, of Hanley, BC; Helene Anna Dunlop, daughter of Percy Dunlop, of Carleton Place, Ont., to Olympic boxer, Clayton Orten Kenny, of Ottawa.

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614

HANDBLOCKED *linen in blouse and skirt, by Emilio of Capri, from the Italian resort collection of Billye Vincent, Toronto. Set, including shorts, $59.95*

Resort Clothes

SHORTIE *coat of Linton Cumberland Homespun, in brown and beige tweed, over a Lamb's wool matching cardigan and a beige wool skirt. From the All British imports of Ada Mackenzie, Toronto. Shortie, $75; skirt, $25; cardigan $15.*

TOREADOR *pants of drapery fabric, topped by an English broadcloth blouse with bows at cuffs and back of collar, by Morris Watkin, Toronto. Pants, about $20; blouse, about $7. At Alton Lewis.*

Photos, Norine McNerney

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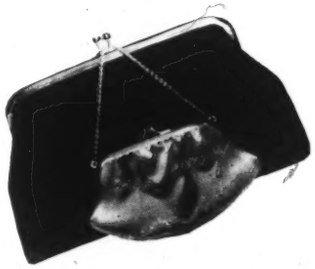
Christmas Gifts

CHARM *bracelet of gold filled links, with a variety of charms. Imported from New York, at Henry Birks. Bracelet $9. Charms from $5 to $22.50 each.*

Photo, Ken Bell

CHRISTMAS *whimsey from Elizabeth Arden, a jewelled perfumair, with Blue Grass perfume, in its own stand, $3.*



BLACK *velvet evening bag, rose satin lined, with rose satin "mad Money" change purse, to be carried outside or inside the bag, or used separately. New York import, exclusive with Morgan's in Canada, $25.*

BOTTLE *of Lenthéric's "Tweed", in a box-frame package, for after-Christmas use. One half ounce, $7.*

Photo, Ken Bell

BROADTAIL *coat, in wrap-around style, tiny stand-up collar, with Russian sable cuffs. At Creed's, Toronto.*

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Elizabeth Arden

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Food

"ROEDGROED" might be called the national dessert of Denmark. Most Danes eat this dish which resembles richly colored tapioca pudding. All of them enjoy listening to foreigners try to pronounce it.

Perhaps even more, foreigners enjoy listening to the Danes say "Roedgroed"—a sound much like a cross between a heavy cough and a baby's gurgle.

Lis Laugesen, an employee of *Den Permanente*, Danish arts and crafts centre, says that a few months ago a customer from Vancouver asked her the name of "the dessert that all you Danes eat."

"You mean Roedgroed," she said. "Do you want some?"

"No, I just wanted to hear you pronounce it," he confessed.

To make Roedgroed, you "use your feeling," I was told, "and what else is available at the moment." In fact, there are as many kinds of Roedgroed as there are cooks in Denmark. Quantity and mixture of the fruit depend on what kind of berries you grow in your garden "or what your cousin brought you from the country."

Currants and raspberries I found to be a favorite fruit combination for this dish. Wash and pick over 1 2/3 pounds of red currants and 1 2/3 pounds of raspberries. Add eight cups of water and boil until the fruit is cooked. Remove the berries from the fire and strain through a fine sieve. Sweeten to taste and add sago flour in the proportion of one tablespoon to every cup of juice. Add vanilla. Let the pudding set in a glass bowl. Sprinkle with sugar and serve with *floede*, as the Danes describe cream.

KAY REX

You're Getting Warm!

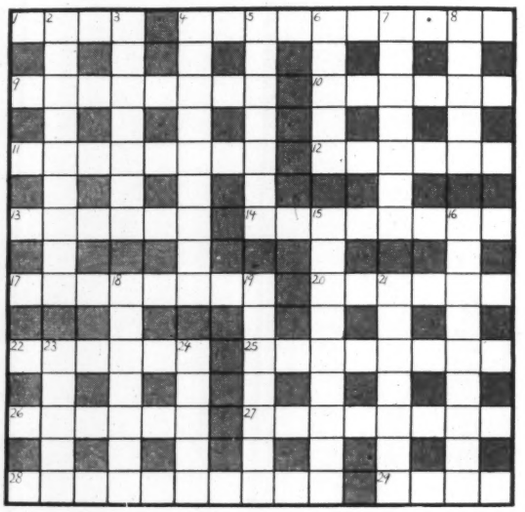
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. And this lady's not for burning, either. (4)
4. Sad state of man, caused by a banana skin, perhaps. (10)
9. They have the face for side shows. (8)
10. It goes to the spot when gripped by fear. (6)
11. The arts appear to be held back when held in rein. (8)
12. So shot is responsible when one does! (6)
13. Hell appears to have most of these spirits. (6)
14. Seen when vegetarians put their heads together? (8)
17. Scattered, it may aid crops. (8)
20. Ladies and gentlemen! (6)
22. Man I acknowledge to be without learning. (6)
25. Where they gave Pat's kin a going-over? (8)
26. Tone of timbrels and tambourines. (6)
27. One shouldn't expect to tap rye at this. (3,5)
28. Uncertain location of a single thought? (2,3,5)
29. This sum of money makes a neat package, perhaps. (4)

DOWN

2. It makes cracks that wouldn't bring a horse laugh. (9)
3. When disproved as duty free erroneously, you have no say. (7)
4. Old places may change into this state. (9)
5. Something to drown one's cares in, for a change. (7)
6. Sacks for 12? (5)
7. She plays a different role on a Metropolitan stage. (7)
8. Builder's carriage? (5)
15. Fishy appearance of Paul Robeson when singing? (5,4)
16. Is this the way the dentist took his girl out? (9)
18. Heavenly promise of flood relief. (7)
19. Just the drum to accompany sea-shanties? (7)
21. Is he above beginning at the beginning? (7)
23. He helped to make Ali enamored of another country. (5)
24. Might make a stable dessert if 2 ped? (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

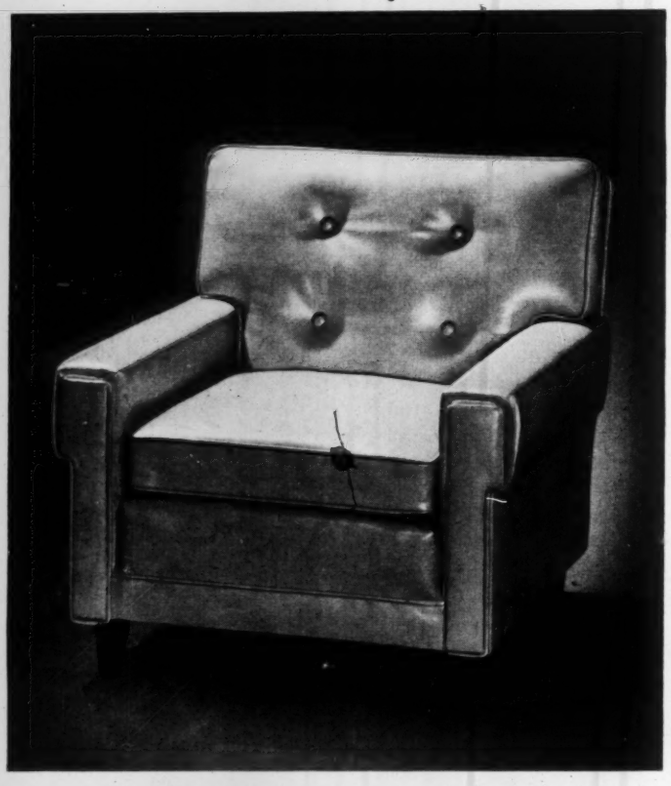
1. Detracts
5. Pullet
10. Clear
11. Eliminate
12. Trumped
13. Cottage
14. Skinny
15. Stepson
18. Pitapat
21. See 6
24. Leghorn
26. Ottawan
27. Instigate
28. Altar
29. Gusset
30. Hysteria

DOWN

1. Ducats 2. See 3 3 and 2. A drop in the bucket 4. Tuesday 6 and 21 across. Up in the clouds 7. Liana 8. See 17 9. Circus 16. Soda water 17 and 8. Spilling the beans 19. Provide 20. Tin pan 21. Close by 22. Outcast 23. Andrea 25. Gusts

(287)

For the Look of Luxury . . .
the Feel of Luxury . . .
Luxury Itself . . .



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Chess Problem

BY FAR THE MOST interesting of the chess problems of antiquity, is one from the celebrated four in the Florentine *Bonus Socius* MS. To fully appreciate it, close attention is essential, as it is on the Old Chess and has conditional terms:

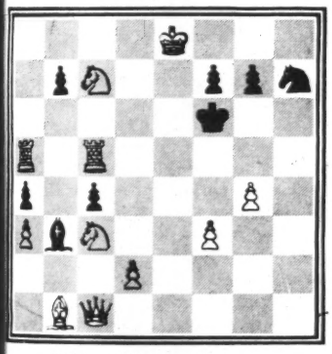
White: K on QB7; R on QKt2; B on QR3. Black: K on QR1; P on QB3. Mate in eight exactly. Mate to be given by the Bishop, with the black King on his QR2.

First it must be understood that to the Queen (Fers), in Old Chess, was assigned the diagonal step just one square in any of the four possible directions. But a newly promoted Queen could also move two squares in any direction, lateral or diagonal. The Pawn could promote only to a Queen. In the above problem, should the black Pawn become a Queen posted on QB8, next move it might be played to either QR8, QR6, QKt7, QB6, Q7, K8 and K6.

Next, the Bishop (Alfil), in Old Chess, had a two-square hop diagonally in any of the four directions. It had no control over the intervening square.

Problem No. 39, by "Centaur."

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Solution of the *Bonus Socius* conditional problem above is: 1.R-Kt7, P-B4; 2.B-B1, P-B5; 3.B-R3, P-B6; 4.B-B5, P-B7; 5.R-Kt2, P-B8(Q); 6.R-R2ch, Q-R6; 7.BxQ, K-R2; 8.B-B5 mate.

The term "exactly" eliminates a solution in eight by 1.R-QR2, P-B4; 2.R-R1, oscillating the R back and forth on R1 and R2 until the P is promoted with the same finish as above. Why does it? Because anywhere in this try K-R2 would force White to apply an inadmissable short mate by B-B5.

In *Civis Bononiae* the need for "exactly" is eliminated by posting the R on QKt1, affecting the timing of the oscillations, so that in the try there is no possibility of mating in eight with the K on R2. But the perfect R switchback in the actual solution is lost, as the R goes from Kt1 to Kt7 and then back to Kt2.

Solution of Problem No. 38.

Key-move 1.Q-R4, waiting. If R-B7 or Q6; 2.KtxP mate. If R-B6, Q7 or Kt-Kt5; 2.Q-R5 mate. If B-B7, B6 or Kt-B6; 2.Q-B4 mate. If B-Q7 or Q6; 2.QxKKt mate. If P-R4; 2.Q-Kt5 mate. If P-B4; 2.R-K5 mate. If K-Q4; 2.KtxP mate.

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The Backward Glance

21 Years Ago This Week

THERE WAS probably never a time in the history of this country when money seemed so important, and was so hard to get, as in 1932. On the first page of the Financial Section in the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT for Nov. 12, 1932 was a photograph of Mr. Money-Bags himself, J. Pierpont Morgan. It shows him stepping into a car while in London, and the caption under the picture says, in part, "Avoiding publicity, Mr. Morgan conducts his extensive ventures on conservative lines . . ." That was a bad year for anything labelled conservative, but a good year for J. P. Morgan to avoid publicity. Strangely enough, old J.P. (or was it his son?) got more publicity from a news photograph showing him dangling a midget on his knee than he ever did from his international financial deals.

There used to be a song that went something like, "There's no one with endurance like the man who sells insurance," and the insurance salesman in 1932 needed the endurance of a Channel swimmer. Despite the bear market in new policies that year, George Gilbert, in his "Concerning Insurance" column, made a big pitch for life insurance, using as his theme the freedom from immediate worry that a life insurance policy would give to the busy businessman. It ends on the following soporific note: ". . . it at once gives freedom from worry, peace of mind and security, which enables a man to keep his mind on his work in the daytime and sleep well at night." Below this panegyric was a filler which read, "According to a recent survey made public by the Dominion Department of Fisheries, Canadians serve fish at nine meals a month, on the average."

A fountain pen advertised in our 1932 copy of SATURDAY NIGHT was one of those oversized jobs with a screw top, made out of a material that always reminds us of the imitation marble counters in the old-style ice-cream parlors. It was priced at $10.

"The Film Parade" reviewed two movies, *Trouble In Paradise* and *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. The first picture starred Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall and Edward Everett Horton, and the second one featured Lee Tracy. We'd almost forgotten Herbert Marshall, but we remember him now as the only Hollywood star that we know of who became a famous leading man while overcoming the handicap of having a wooden leg.

Don't anybody tell us that the staid *New York Times* hasn't a sense of humor, even though it is of the literary tea type, as the following quote will prove: "A dispatch from Rio de Janeiro announces the death of a woman reputed to be 124 years old. It is suggested that 124 years may be an error in transmission for 124 revolutions."

B. K. Sandwell took over the editor's chair of SATURDAY NIGHT with the issue of Nov. 12, 1932, a position he was to hold for the next twenty years. About his new job, Mr. Sandwell said: "It is some years since I was last an editor. In the intervening period I have missed the enjoyment of what is, I am sure, the greatest privilege of the editorial desk, the privilege of perusing . . . the suggestions of correspondents for the improvement of the universe. The privilege has increased greatly in value since I was last an editor . . . No correspondent (then) wrote about the complete reorganizing of all organizations . . . They wrote about mild little reforms such as the raising or lowering of the tariff, the raising or lowering of the tax on beer, the raising or lowering of the hems of ladies' skirts, of the school leaving age, of freight rates, of the height limit for skyscrapers, of the moral tone . . . Nobody writes to the editor about these idyllic subjects any more."

Instead of wanting to reorganize organizations as they did in the Depression, they now want to reorganize the world, but they haven't really changed. There are still some hardy perennials moaning about Canada's lack of "culture" as they did in 1932, and, indeed, in 1912.

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How much does a wildcat cost?

A "wildcat" is a well drilled in an area where oil has never been found. Drilling costs vary, but the average wildcat in western Canada runs to more than $100,000. One well cost $1,600,000—and found no oil!

Oil is making an increasingly important contribution to our standard of living. How many of these questions about it can you answer?

How many wildcat wells find a new oil field—
1 in 3? *1 in 7?* *1 in 23?*

➧ *The long-term average in western Canada is 1 in 23. Only 1 in 87 has found a field capable of producing as much as 2,000 barrels a day.*

Since 1939 the cost of living index has risen by 85%. During that time has the price you pay for gasoline gone up by—
44%? *79%?* *103%?*

➧ *The average retail price of gasoline is only 44% higher than prewar, even with higher road taxes in all provinces.*

A lot of oil has been discovered in the west since 1946. In that time have Canada's oil reserves increased—
4 times? *23 times?* *37 times?*

➧ *Reserves have increased 23-fold in the past six years. Canadian fields now supply all the prairies and part of B.C. and Ontario.*

How many companies, would you say, are engaged in the oil business in Canada—
23? *174?* *750?*

➧ *About 750 companies in which the public has an investment interest, as well as several hundred private firms and partnerships. And this doesn't include the thousands of privately operated service stations and other retail and wholesale outlets for oil products.*

Canada's growing oil industry means orders for many businesses, jobs for many Canadians. Last year Imperial's purchasing department bought equipment and supplies from Canadian firms amounting to—
$12 millions? *$56 millions?* *$110 millions?*

➧ *$56 millions. About 4,500 Canadian companies sold Imperial supplies ranging from heavy steel plates to paper clips.*

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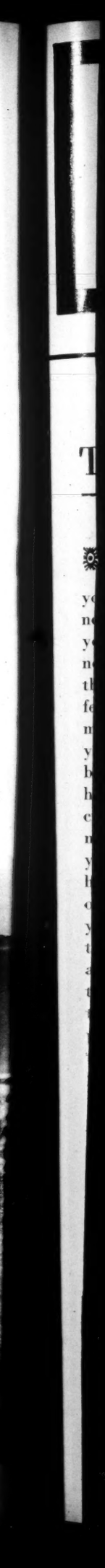
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